

"ANYONE CAN JUMP. THE TROUBLE BEGINS  
WHEN YOU TRY TO LAND."  
EVEL KНИЕVEL LOOKS BACK

# Esquire

JULY 1999

## The Summer Reading Issue

**EXCLUSIVE**

A NEWLY DISCOVERED STORY BY

**RAYMOND  
CARVER**

**BOLD NEW FICTION:**

**RUSSELL BANKS**

**RICHARD POWERS**

**ARTHUR BRADFORD**



\$3.00



Esther Cañadas and

## The Summer of Your Life

— Including: The Perfect Barbecued Ribs ♦ The Essential Vacation Reading List  
Norm Abram's Ultimate Toolbox ♦ When to Dump the Internet Stocks  
Wines for the Beach ♦ Ernest Hemingway's Bloody Mary Recipe



Marlboro  Country

**SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight**

© 1999 B&W T Co. 1000

18 mg "tar," 1.1 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.



Got a date with a winding country road? A rendezvous with an on ramp? May we suggest the Volkswagen Passat. **The automotive equivalent of the black turtleneck.** Starting at just \$21,200\*, the Passat is perfect for any driving occasion. Its clean, handsome design allows you to weave in and out of traffic and any social situation with grace and style. For best results, hand wash only.

Drivers wanted. 



\**Journal of the American Academy of Child and Adolescent Psychiatry*, 2000; 39(12):1531-1537. © 2000 by American Academy of Child and Adolescent Psychiatry. 0893-3200/00/3912-1531\$10.00/0





THE BOMBAY SAPPHIRE MARTINI. AS GOOD AS NOTHING. BY ARTHUR LEIBER.  
FOUR SOMETHING HOURS.

## Esquire

### Features

#### 64 My Day The Story of April 20, 1999

BY TOM CHIARELLA, JEANNE MARIE LASKAS,  
BUCKY McMAHON, CAL FUSSMAN, TOM JUNOD,  
CHARLES P. PIERCE, AND CHARLES BOWDEN

How the world unfolded to seven writers on  
a day in April. A horror story.

#### 70 19 Books and a Girl

Ether Cañadas is the  
model. *Warner Lake*  
Nothing is the prop,  
and our annual fiction  
issue is the occasion  
on which to celebrate  
these necessary books  
of the last decade.  
All you have to do  
is stuff them into  
your duffel bag this  
summer and go.



### ESQUIRE FICTION

#### 72 Kindling

BY RAYMOND CARVER

It was the middle of August and Myers was between  
lives. The only thing different about this time was  
that this time he was sober.

#### 78 Plains of Abraham

BY RUSSELL BANKS

Had he known everything then that he'd know later, he  
still would have called it a coincidence. Nothing more.

#### 86 Escapes

BY RICHARD POWERS

Alone. Imprisoned. Blindfolded and helpless. You  
are what you remember.

#### 92 Dogs

BY ARTHUR BRADFORD

He cheated on his girlfriend. But oh . . . it gets worse.



#### 98 What I've Learned

Evel Knievel on  
the roof of all  
evil, heaven,  
the IRS, Jesus  
Christ, and  
apocalyptic  
enemas.

"Any-  
body can jump a motorcycle. The trou-  
ble begins when you try to land it."  
INTERVIEWED BY MIKE SAGER

#### 112 Smokin'

BY CAL FUSSMAN

Rubbed, sauced,  
smoked, judged,  
and eaten. A  
sticky gourmet  
masters barbecue.  
And the five best  
barbecue joints in  
America.



#### 122 Oh, My God, We're Not Blond Anymore

BY JEANNE MARIE LASKAS

The metamorphosis of a former  
"wife-of." Misy Bono's politics  
of innocence.



#### 132 The Better Man Series

The essential  
toolbox,  
according  
to Norm  
Abram, the  
most famous  
carpenter  
since, well,  
you know.

On the cover: Photographed exclusively for Esquire by Patrick Demerouti. Styling by Tracy Lightbitt for Frederick Rose.  
Makeup by Brigitte Kates Anderson. Prop styling by Christine Wessell. Caron barbecue (left) by N.Y.C. Underwear.

## Columns and Departments

- 10 The Sound and the Fury  
12 Editor's Letter  
14 Contributors  
17 Esqy



## 19 Man at His Best

Barry White on... at autos for the next century from Ford, Audi, GM, Toyota; The Sopranos's Al Sapienza—Mike B. lives; the sofa bed; Texas delicacy—chicken-fried bacon; summer's cheap French wines. **PLUS:** The Rules.

## 28 Green

You can't decide what terrifies you more—the thought of plunging into Internet stocks and seeing the bubble burst, or the prospect of continuing to miss out on the greatest investment opportunities of the century. Four tools to help you separate the sweet from the shaft. BY KIM KURSON

32 The Screen If anything else, the latest wave of "subversive" prime-time animation makes clear just how magnificent *The Simpsons* has been. BY TOM CARSON

## 36 The Page

The centennial of Hemingway's birth reminds us that beneath the *Papa*® industry he wrote of the strongest sentences ever written. BY ZVONIMIR BERTI

## 42 Food and Travel

Hemingway was a man of great appetites. A tour of his favorite Paris cafés, restaurants, and hotels. BY JOHN MARANO



## Style

## 100 Texas Is Another Country

Where a simple group can be as fancy as all get-out.



## 118 Italian Lessons

Italian men have long been renowned for their mastery of certain arts—romance, cooking, and style. Roberto Benigni, Giorgio Armani, Olivero Toscani, Giancarlo Giamini, and Gianfranco Versace share a few secrets.



## 128 Suit: The Small Stuff

Why look off-the-rack when, with a few custom accents, you can look tailor-made?

## 136 Hardware

Ride 'ems. Push 'ems. Mow 'ems.



## 144 Snap Nonfiction

Eleven-Twenty. BY MICHAEL KURTZ

# Undress for success.

With valet service at our Heathrow and Gatwick Arrivals Lounges, First and Club World business class passengers can have their clothes pressed and shoes polished while they shower. Impressed?

1-800-AIRWAYS  
britishairways.com

BRITISH AIRWAYS  
The world's favourite airline

NAME  
THAT LEG

Women Love Live

www.elleenmag.com

Coming July 15

## Equine

ANNE DUNN (1993-1994) Founding Editor

### David Granger

Editor in Chief

ANNE DUNN  
Deputy Editor  
Brenda Dunne  
Executive Editor

ANNE DUNN  
Deputy Editor  
Brenda Dunne  
Executive Editor

ANNE DUNN  
Deputy Editor  
Brenda Dunne  
Executive Editor

ANNE DUNN  
Deputy Editor  
Brenda Dunne  
Executive Editor

ANNE DUNN  
Deputy Editor  
Brenda Dunne  
Executive Editor

ANNE DUNN  
Deputy Editor  
Brenda Dunne  
Executive Editor

ANNE DUNN  
Deputy Editor  
Brenda Dunne  
Executive Editor

ANNE DUNN  
Deputy Editor  
Brenda Dunne  
Executive Editor

ANNE DUNN  
Deputy Editor  
Brenda Dunne  
Executive Editor

ANNE DUNN  
Deputy Editor  
Brenda Dunne  
Executive Editor

ANNE DUNN  
Deputy Editor  
Brenda Dunne  
Executive Editor

ANNE DUNN  
Deputy Editor  
Brenda Dunne  
Executive Editor

ANNE DUNN  
Deputy Editor  
Brenda Dunne  
Executive Editor

ANNE DUNN  
Deputy Editor  
Brenda Dunne  
Executive Editor

ANNE DUNN  
Deputy Editor  
Brenda Dunne  
Executive Editor

ANNE DUNN  
Deputy Editor  
Brenda Dunne  
Executive Editor

ANNE DUNN  
Deputy Editor  
Brenda Dunne  
Executive Editor

ANNE DUNN  
Deputy Editor  
Brenda Dunne  
Executive Editor

ANNE DUNN  
Deputy Editor  
Brenda Dunne  
Executive Editor

ANNE DUNN  
Deputy Editor  
Brenda Dunne  
Executive Editor

ANNE DUNN  
Deputy Editor  
Brenda Dunne  
Executive Editor

ANNE DUNN  
Deputy Editor  
Brenda Dunne  
Executive Editor

ANNE DUNN  
Deputy Editor  
Brenda Dunne  
Executive Editor

ANNE DUNN  
Deputy Editor  
Brenda Dunne  
Executive Editor

ANNE DUNN  
Deputy Editor  
Brenda Dunne  
Executive Editor

ANNE DUNN  
Deputy Editor  
Brenda Dunne  
Executive Editor

ANNE DUNN  
Deputy Editor  
Brenda Dunne  
Executive Editor

ANNE DUNN  
Deputy Editor  
Brenda Dunne  
Executive Editor

ANNE DUNN  
Deputy Editor  
Brenda Dunne  
Executive Editor

ANNE DUNN  
Deputy Editor  
Brenda Dunne  
Executive Editor

ANNE DUNN  
Deputy Editor  
Brenda Dunne  
Executive Editor

# "I wanted a light, not his life story."



NO ADDITIVES • NO BULL

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Cigarette  
Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide

One "tar," 0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

No additives in our tobacco  
does NOT mean a safer cigarette.

Published 12 times a year, 1100 N. 1st St., New York, NY 10017-1099. Telephone: (212) 512-1000. Circulation: 12,000. Founder: David Granger. Editor: David Granger. Executive Editor: Brenda Dunne. Managing Editor: Anne Dunn. Advertising: David Granger. Distribution: David Granger. Subscription: David Granger. Single Copies: David Granger. Back Issues: David Granger. Reprints: David Granger. Permissions: David Granger. Copyright © 1999. All rights reserved. Printed in the USA.

## the sound and the fury

### Red-Speedo Diaries

In May, Esquire writer at large Mike Sager probed famous Speedo wearer David Duchovny about his distaste for probing journalists and the average time postpartum papas must wait for sex, among other things.

I found your interview with David Duchovny quite revealing. Our society admires those who look good in red Speedos yet have nothing of value to say.

—PAUL O'NEIL  
San Francisco, Calif.

I was disappointed with the David Duchovny profile. I was looking forward to hearing about his upcoming project, instead, he just complained about how everyone anthropomorphizes him and how long he has to wait to make love to his wife after she gives birth. He should not have agreed to do the interview if he was so uncomfortable with the whole idea.

—ROSEANNE STANKEV  
Albuquerque, N. Mex.

### Beloved immortality

In "Dance of an Immortal Man" (May), Richard Dooling, aware that cancer may soon arrest the aging process, foresees a planet of immortal men with test-tube organs and microchip brains.

Dooling's article was positively brilliant! Cutting-edge science woven into the most mesmerizing prose since The Time Machine. As a woman in my mid-thirties, I considered my annual of age-defying creams nothing more than a vain indulgence. Now I wonder, could I become the life-mongering senior Dooling sees in the future? Let's leave radioactive therapy to preventing mutation of the AIDS virus and then maybe we won't be fighting with our children over the earth's few remaining resources.

—JOHN BAKENHA  
Palm Springs, Calif.

What I find maddening in the whole immortality dialogue is the assumption of a downside to doing away with death—that somehow our economy and/or planet will be overburdened if people don't die. The

truth is that every aspect of our lives will be reshaped by the dominance of death.

The environment? When people are faced with the reality of being born forever, they'll be far more likely to take proper care of the place and stop treating it like a cheap motel room they're just passing through.

Overpopulation? The species with the shortest life cycles make the most babies. Eliminating death would do more to balance human reproductive behavior than anything in Mom's Little Red Book.

As far as the economy is concerned, what could more effectively stifle growth than a workforce that is gaining experience, education, and expertise all instantaneously? The social security problem would be solved, too. No more aging or retirement.

Yes, I have to admit the funeral parlors will be hit hard. But they can always be converted into nightclubs, so there will be plenty of people with time on their hands.

—JOE BARCLAY  
Scottsdale, Ariz.

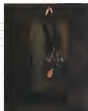
### Group Therapy

Also in the May issue, contributing editor John H. Richardson spent some time under a *lens of judgmental subjectivity* as "Scenes from a [Group] Marriage."

That semi-intelligent adults could believe such a thing as a "group marriage" could exist is astounding. That they could possibly wonder, "Will that hurt the children?" is criminal. They have replicated their marriage relationships with a veneer, but they have damaged their relationships with their parents, and what they have done to their children will come back to haunt them. How very sad.

—ROY HARTLOW  
Marion, Va., Calif.

Despite Julie, Nan, and their cohorts' attempts to fill their love lives with so-



many people, the group's exploits seemed painfully lonely and isolating. One wonders if all of them would have been happier going together for a nice game of bridge.

—JENNIFER MATTHEW  
Houston, Tex.

I just finished reading "Scenes from a [Group] Marriage"—a daring exploration of human relationships that pushes the boundaries of love and sex. Get real. In every generation, there are so-called progressive thinkers convinced of their uniqueness and ability to revolutionize the human relationship. They meticulously list their virtues: desire, self-indulgence, and selfishness hide behind the guise of love, freedom, and self-expression. Recorded history has proven that no secret more vile nor more unappealing than incestuous that can change the perceived structure for the behavior within human relation ships—a structure based on divine design. One that we cannot break but only break ourselves upon. If only these seriously misguided people had heeded the advice of the gaunt, battle-weary Kru Krut-fusion, who says on page 91 of the same issue, "Being in love with a lot of people is incompatible with a stable family." Amen.

—STEVEN CROUCHLEY  
Pittsburg, Pa.

Letters to the editor should be mailed to The Sound and the Fury, Esquire, 120 West Fifty-fifth Street, New York, N.Y. 10019, or sent by e-mail to esquire@earthlink.com. Include your full name, address, and daytime phone number. Letters may be edited for length and clarity.

DAVE TROTT

# Never NEW & IMPROVED.



IT'S WHAT'S INSIDE



Grill & Gobble with Sam Adams and V8® this summer. Check out details wherever Sam Adams is sold or visit [www.samadams.com](http://www.samadams.com)

# Two Things



86, is a rare short story by one of the truly great novelists of our time, Richard Powers. And "Dogs," by Arthur Brezina, on page 92, is a trip to another universe.

Second: On April 26, at about 9:30 a.m., executive editor Mark Watten and I started calling writers. We wanted the story of their day. We wanted to know what they'd done and what they were doing when their day intersected with the murders at Columbine High School in Colorado.

That evening, I'd gone to a screening of a movie, *Platoon*, starring John Badham and Hugh Grant, which was an incredibly loud ending to a day without distractions. Deafened to faint cries of the blast. After the screening, I called Mark, who is always in his office, just to check in. And he told me that there were up to twenty-the dead.

Twenty-five. People Dead.

It hurt. It hollowed me out and made me angry, so I did Mark and my wife, Melanie, whom I called immediately.

And then we started calling writers. What we've assembled, starting on page 84, is a series of first reactions, gut reactions, from before the news anchors could comb us with details and before the grief counselors and the police and could reassure that the "hacking" had begun. I don't want this one—Lindsey—to be just Jon Bon Jovi's head. Pollock's head. My hope is that our series of little stories can reopen the wound, peel back the scab, make us feel our emotions and our anger all over again. Because it's the healing. I hope, that allows it all to happen again.

On behalf of the writers who contributed to the section, *Esquire* has made a donation to Handgun Control, Inc., the organization run by Sarah and Jan Brady, which is dedicated to conscientious gun owners in the prohibition of handguns and automatic weapons in America.

—David Granger

ESQUIRE/STYLING



Two poles in the enginecase, your 1999 and 2000 Titans, and this V-twin 1400

that distortion shaped space of the frame and the engine had been made for each other. And at last they were being only the best

compactly available, we built each 1400cc engine around your 1999 and 2000 Titans. The superior performance for which it's renowned. One man does this, by hand. Building a bike that

we believe is as close to perfecting as can be. Now that's what we call peace, now.



Get More Out There

THE TITAN WAS BUILT BY HONDA. TITAN, THE NEW HONDA. HONDA, THE NEW TITAN. WWW.TITANMOTORCYCLES.COM



## contributors



During the writing of "Eleger" (page 54), **Richard Powers** worried that he was covering conventional territory ground. "Most of my books have some kind of apology for fiction book journalism," says the three-time National Book Critics Circle Award finalist and author of two novels, including *The Gold Bug Variations*. "They all call attention to fiction as an activity where we impose ourselves from the world in order to make ourselves more capable of living it." While exploring these ideas again in his new story, Powers also layered in subtle funk and lightning-quick wit. "Eleger" is an amalgam of teenage experiences in Beirut in the 1980s," says Powers, a professor of English at the University of Illinois at Urbana-Champaign. "It became the inspiration for a story about art, composition, and politics." His next novel, *Plowing the Earth*, will be published next spring by Farrar, Straus & Giroux.



By the time of his death in August 1988 at the age of 40, **Raymond Carver** had established himself as the preeminent short-story writer in America, author of more than 150 pieces of poetry and prose, including the story collections *Will You Please Be Quiet, Please?*, *Where We Talk About When We Talk About Love*, *Cathedral*, and *Where I'm Calling From*. "Kindling" (page 72) is the first of three previously unpublished Carver stories that will appear in *Esquire* during the next year. It marks a kind of homecoming. *Esquire* was the first national magazine to publish a Carver short story, in 1975, and published four other stories by the author during the 1970s and 1980s. "Kindling" represents a homecoming in another sense: It is set in the Pacific Northwest, where Carver was born and worked on and off as a young man in the town where his father had made a living. "Ray's work was distinguished by a great simplicity, an elegance of spirit," says Carver's widow, poet Tess Gallagher (also pictured here), who dedicated the three stories in Carver's old *Esquire* in March. "His writing had the elegance of a race in water. That's what I see in this story."

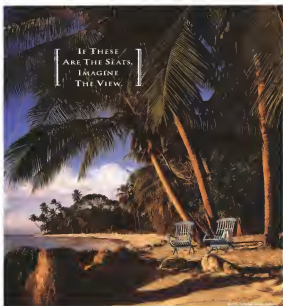
With "Horns of Abraham" (page 78), **Russell Banks** makes a return to short fiction, one that is not so please his readers as much as it does the author himself. "Last night, I'd write a novel and then take a break from the exhaustion that a novel usually produces and write what would turn out to be a book of stories," says Banks, the author of four story collections and nine novels, including the 1999 PEN Award-winning *Cloudsplitter*. "But with the last few novels, I didn't take that break, and I've missed it." In "Horns of Abraham," Banks draws on his own experience—as well as his father's—as a plumber. "My father was on the road a lot and was caught in a conflict between his love of work and his desire for domestic life," says Banks, who is also busy coproducing and writing the screenplay for film adaptations of two of his novels. "And the profession I know about that myself because I worked on hospital jobs in my early twenties."



"Last winter I was living in this house with eleven dogs. They were occupying my thoughts all the time, and I ended up writing a bunch of stories about them," says **Arthur Bradford** of the signs of his life as a dog and human short story "Dogs" (page 82). About his fondness for stories with unusual premises, Bradford, who has written for *Esquire* and *Spin* magazine and also works as a documentary filmmaker, says, "I guess I want to see how much I can get away with. I like to draw a really strange event into a story and try to write my way out of it." Bradford, who studies a living as a gym teacher at an alternative school in Virginia and has been known to accompany himself on guitar during readings of his work, is the recipient of a 1997 G. Henry Award for his story "Carver." He is currently at work on his first novel.



IMAGINE OUR WATERS SOFTLY SHIMMERING IN THE CARIBBEAN'S FIRST LIGHT. THE UNENDING TURQUOISE BROKEN ONLY BY THE SILVER BALLET OF FLYING FISH. FROM HERE IT FEELS LIKE YOU CAN SEE FOREVER. AND WITH ALL THE BEAUTY THAT SURROUNDS YOU, THAT MAY BE HOW LONG YOU WISH TO STAY. FOR RESERVATIONS PLEASE CALL YOUR TRAVEL AGENT OR 1-888-BARBADOS.



**BARBADOS**

JUST BEYOND YOUR IMAGINATION

Water covers two-thirds  
of the earth's surface.  
We cover six-sevenths.



With our global travel partners, we serve over 300 cities in nearly 180 countries on 6 continents. So our new alliance with Continental Airlines has your travel needs covered. With over 3,400 worldwide

**Introducing the worldwide  
Continental and Northwest  
Airlines alliance.**

departures every day, we've got flight selection and flexibility covered, too. Add the ability to earn and redeem WorldPerks® free travel miles on both airlines, shared airport club privileges and one-stop check-in, and travel has never been easier or more rewarding. To become a Northwest-WorldPerks member, call 1-800-44-PERKS. All you need now is a ticket. Book and buy online at [www.nw.com](http://www.nw.com), call your travel agent, or call Northwest Airlines at 1-800-325-3325. Go ahead. Eek out now, the whole world is yours.



1-800-325-3325 / [www.nw.com](http://www.nw.com)

# esky

## Ernest Hemingway would have turned one hundred on the twenty-first of this month, and no one would have much cared. His last novel would have been published two decades ago, and it was not good; his

last good and true book would be nearly a half century behind him, and, as for people, people would have definitely put it, contrarian authors don't make good TV.

Going Kibbony might have had him on, and we can be thankful to have been spared that at least.

For Hemingway remains larger than life in death, larger even than any living author. Floating, leaping, bearded, he is our idea of a writer. (See The Page, page 36.) Which inevitably raises the question: Where are today's Hemingways? Or, for that matter, Fitzgeralds, Kerouacs, and Gittings, writers celebrated as much for themselves as for their works, writers who lead lives as interesting as, if not far more so than, the ones across they create? Let's say by blessing the reader.

Having done that, let's move on to blessing the victims. Because, of course, it doesn't ever much to earn money these days. Writing may not be high on a few critics' list of notable accomplishments, but fictionists, properly applied, can land one on the cover of *Time* and *Newsweek*, and well-known authors can say almost anything will still make the cover of a major monthly. If today's best writers aren't famous, they must be doing something desperately wrong.

Now, try, of course. Tom Wolfe is perhaps the most deliberately generated writer in America, but even he is little more than a striking public image; his literary pining reaches may be fascinating to the story-readers of *The New York Review of Books*, but in terms of persons populi, he's an empty-crown-crowned-out. Anne Rice, Wolfe's nominal stepdaughter, was just at herit, taking our full-page portrait as



assorted topics and snoring at book signings in a confab, but we're left less with a fully fleshed-out character than with the loudness of blood as a screaming technique. As two-dimensional as any character they've ever written, these writers seem to be presenting themselves as the eventual end product of fame, reproduced to suit for public consumption, in the end, they seem almost smaller than life.

Yes, Jay McInerney and Elmore Leonard lived longer for a while, but it was soon enough discovered that they weren't women in the traditional sense of being any good.

Most good writers can't even be bothered to show up. Thomas Harris could be an

the cover of *Vanity Fair* this month if only he'd let Arnold Lobovitz shoot him showing down on a plane of a river and a race. (Harris has the Hemingway author doesn't so far photographs, and he hasn't given an interview in more than twenty years, despite the fact that—or perhaps because—he used to be a journalist. Hemingway he's just a "popular guy," though that could be fairly Hemingway. Let's create could easily be as famous as Bill Mahoney since that just popped into our head.

Douglas Coupland, of all people, has a poem: His authorial check, printed in its ironic shallowness, is to four colleges with his own MTV-style video. Students must not a writer reading words but will high schoolers at the writer's mouth bring off apogee, moral while, quite occasionally we're over, a thoughtful "Gradually," Douglas Coupland's words say, "in the future as fifteen years, people have just stopped having fun."

Perhaps the last writer to have one worth writing about was accidentally a Hemingway mascot. But it really has been some time since Norman Mailer nibbled a wife or defended a transvestite or even directed a hideous movie. The last time we saw him was on Montage Street in Brooklyn not too long ago. He wedded poor on like a bag, old Folks women, dangling a phony grocery bag that very distinctly held only a few containers of yogurt. It has been hard to take yogurt seriously ever since.

It is a wonder that that same magazine put Norman Mailer on the covers of their summer fiction issues. **W**

★ AT SOME POINT ★  
YOU JUST KNOW WHO YOU ARE.



FOR US, THAT WAS 1866.



*Your friends at Jack Daniel's wanted you to drink responsibly.*

© 1999 Jack Daniel's Distillery, Inc. All rights reserved. Jack Daniel's is a registered trademark of Jack Daniel's Distillery, Inc. Old No. 7 is a registered trademark of Jack Daniel's Distillery, Inc. Tennessee Whiskey is a registered trademark of Jack Daniel's Distillery, Inc. All other trademarks are the property of their respective owners.

# MAN AT HIS BEST

## BARRY WHITE

LET HIM TELL YOU ABOUT THE AMM  
YEAR THE FLAVY FLAVY SEX

When you ask Barry White, who has a new album out this week for his 14th, called *Saving Private White*, how it's done, how the man himself does it, he answers in that voice, that baritone of the soul-deep young and you know he knows something. Something you should pay attention to.



(ON SMOOTH)

"That's easy. I'd like a nice, beautiful bottle of white wine, some nice, soft music—I prefer jazz—and just sit and talk and let her get on with it. I don't like it. It's a beautiful, beautiful thing. I have expressions. In other words, don't think I'm not doing. Be very aware of how you say things to your lady. Be as sensitive as you possibly can. But then it depends on the mood, when I'm doing the leading, there's times when I ask her, 'What do you wanna do, baby?'"

## Is it wrong to be in love with a car?

There's no reason to hide your true feelings. The deep, consuming passion you may now be experiencing for the 1999 Accord Coupe is perfectly normal.

the elegantly sculptured body styling. With such voluptuous curves, luscious surface and finished details, the Accord Coupe turns heads everywhere it goes.

inside the refined interior, and you're welcomed by a comforting atmosphere that literally sweeps you off your feet. Settle into the contoured, ergonomic

and gauges are large, easy to read and placed precisely where they should be. The heat-rejecting tinted windshield and window glass protect your interior

on the steering wheel. And, there's even a special place to store your sunglasses. Now, if all these attractive features don't make your heart beat faster, the

Honda is committed to protecting the environment. In fact, nearly 70% of all Accords will receive California's Low- or Ultra-Low Emission Vehicle rating,



After all, who could blame you for giving in to the seductive powers of this sleek, sexy automobile from Honda?

Well, just look at it. From its flowing, sophisticated lines to its well-appointed, spacious interior, this is one car that's easy to fall head-over-heels in love with.

At first sight, you'll be struck by

Stylish. Sporty. Good-looking. On a purely visceral level, this car possesses all the qualities you lust for. But deep down, it's really a reliable, practical car at heart. In other words, it's a car you could settle down and get serious with. Of course, the Accord Coupe's beauty is not merely skin-deep. Stay

down's seat. Stretch out a bit. Make yourself comfortable. There's plenty of legroom, hiproom and shoulder room. Because, after all, allowing for personal space is vital to any good relationship. Acquire yourself with the interior and you'll discover thoughtful features everywhere you look. The controls

from harmful UV rays. And, advanced sound-absorbing materials reflect road and engine noise to sweet nothings.

On the EX V-6 model featured, the seats are trimmed in soft, supple leather. Automatic climate control maintains a constant, desired temperature. Controls for the stereo/CID player are mounted

Accord V-6 Coupe's performance will do the trick. With the sheer power of a 200-horsepower VTEC® engine and the responsive, agile handling of the four double wishbones and multi-link rear suspension, this is no automobile built designed for conquering the road. And, you'll truly admire the fact that

the nicest accidents in the nation.

So, for a formal introduction to the Accord Coupe, call 1-800-33-HONDA. Or, simply visit us at [www.honda.com](http://www.honda.com). Who knows, this just might be the beginning of a beautiful relationship.

**The Accord**  
**HONDA**

## A LOOK DOWN THE ROAD

ESQUIRE SALES AND DESIGN EXPERT SURVEYS THE FUTURE OF CARS AND SEES SOME INTERESTING WHEELS

What will the cars of the near millennium be like? No need to guess—they're already here. They show up in the Museum of Modern Art's sculpture garden in New York, beginning July 22, as part of a show called "Different Roads: Automobiles for the Next Century." They're both stranger and more familiar than you would think. I know. As consultant to the show's curator, Christopher Merrill, I helped pick them. They include:



The QJC Smart car. As much pop art as people move.

into the strongest, lightest forms possible, and they have expanded interiors that utilize rolling wedge designs to produce cars that are safer, but shorter. All of this will most likely trickle down to the only level car of the next decade (the next five decades). The next millennium's Model T or Volvos will be small. Not these, but ferociously efficient. As with Mercedes and Nokia cell phones, you'll get higher performance in a smaller, richer package.

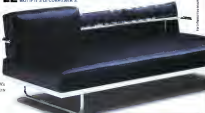
You'll care more about cockpit electronics, too. I bet you could find in-cars made mostly of aluminum and composites, with new units as integral as in each CD player. Plus, a host of other tech and other options beyond about engines—like light-sensor controls warning of possible lock-on. And, in the long run, propulsion may become incidental. Whether your mini sport-coupe is motivated by a hydrogen fuel cell, a cleaned-up high-performance diesel, or a hybrid will be as unimportant as whether the peepshow in your laptop is rated R or MA.

—TOM PANKIN

## SNOOZE IN STYLE THINK THE SOFA BED IS A SLEEPER WHEN IT COMES TO STYLE? NOT IF IT'S A LACORTIER'S.

The sofa bed. Obviously? Obviously? Or maybe? Generally. But consider for a moment the LCI. Designed by Lacortier in 1934 for his Paris atelier, the LCI is a frequent modernist gem. Unlike the other models in Lacortier's discernable planed LCI series (the heavily padded LCI cube chair is a shelter-magazine ready, the dark piece of Roche's coal iron stove produced in great numbers). Granted, you have to pump up considerably more for the LCI than for its breezy counterparts, but \$4,800 is a small price to pay for a sleeper sofa that blends in with MCM's permanent collection.

—RORY CROOK



For information on the LCI, call 800-451-1000.

© 1999 by The Esquire Company. All rights reserved. For more information, visit us online at [www.esquire.com](http://www.esquire.com).

**SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Cigarette  
Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide**



Discover the rewards of thinking light.



#### A LITTLE SCORPION-CHAMP WITH SEVERAL S. EXTREMISTS

Before landing the HBO role, Saperstein ran the gamut of gay-set disfigurement-chamber satire rules—episodes of *NYPD Blue*, *Law & Order*, and a memorable arc on *Madras Place* at the “mean Mafia guy who makes Larry Hagman be a prostitute again.” He’s done his fair

Rule No. 93: Light a cigarette and your dinner will arrive. Rule No. 26: Girl Scout cookies are for buying, not eating. Rule No. 217: Leaders of religions got larger houses and better cars than followers of religions. Rule No. 218: Women die preachers.

## GOLF'S DIRTY LITTLE LOW-TECH SECRET

If you are a golf, listen to yourself for some interesting words. Data from the U.S. Golf Association tells its coach, "In fact, 'swing' being repeated 10 times conclusively that, since identical results, a golf ball struck with a standard head at 100 mph goes to further than one struck with a perimeter head at 100 mph, in fact, golfers using perimeter heads have failed their drive consistently given a few yards later. Before metallic clubs flooded the market, perimeter was the traditional choice for manufacturers of quality woods and with gold nibs! Because of something called 'the golf effect,' a golfer can control the ball at 100 mph consistently with perimeter than with metal. Put, I give you, that this is an 'effect' sound off the tee (even though it's a 'metal' club). Unfortunately, thanks to metal's superior marketing efforts, there are only a few carpenters that produce these wonder woods (or wood) is actually

## THE CAB CAM

It's still yellow, still somewhat dangerous, and still praised by the language barrier that the New York City Transit is catching up with "progress," it seems, thanks to Clinton Cliver, who has equipped his metered chariot with a Logitech quickphone linked to an IBM ThinkPad with a modem hooked up to a cell phone. On Cliver's Web site, [www.ny.tacomm.com](http://www.ny.tacomm.com), the aptly named online service the City streetscape to the world as it races yellow lights, carries traffic, and cuts off his colleagues. Cliver takes Web watchers' requests on where to point the lens. But to get his phone number, you first have to enter a copy of his book of short stories, *New York City From a Cab Driver's View*, from his site. No tie-in necessary. —L.A. and E.P.

24 城市内涝防治 城市内涝 内涝防治

## BALLS

• A CHARISMA PHOTO ALBUM CALLED SPEEDLAND... SCORBY

**NICE**

Gina Rodriguez  
with a pile of  
William Miller  
and a side of...

What's a good way to get folks to fork over cash to feed impoverished children around the world? Round up some celebrities, get them a bill, wait until they do something stupid with it—shouldn't be too long—and snap a picture. This is what the minds at Louis Vuitton did, and the result is *Redound*, a funny philanthropic photo book from which all profits go to UNICEF. The photos are priceless—Harvey Keitel goes into the toilet several styles (he, wearing a turban)—the cause is well worth the \$3 bucks, and (bizarrely) *Snail Snail* (a new one to be found

## KNOTS TO YOU

A BOOK SO INTERESTING THAT IT COULD REALLY KEEP A MAN TIED UP

Make no mistake, the steel-tipped knees could pierce him, my friend. Take the Prince Knot, and by mountaintops to remove a second round while climbing solo. More than a few men have fallen off cliffs due to improper handling of the rope or loss of the knot itself. The more you know, the safer you are, and the best, and the only source for this critical information is *The Ashley Book of Knots*. It was first published in 1944 by Clifford W. Ashley, an eccentric and single-minded individual who was, among other things, the caretaker of his own two-ring crane at the age of nine and a full-blown salty dog. Fifty years in the making, enriched with 7,800 line drawings representing more than 3,800 knots, and weighing in at a hefty 608-plus pages, this oversized opus is what most reference books tend to be: just facts are, definite. A 52-page chapter describes knots used in more than 89 occupations, including archery, fishing, carpenter, cooper, farmer, painter, race engineer, ranger, and, yes, being a hero. According to Ashley, the knot is "a means of holding the line steady while held and immediately on the end of the line it is. This is its purpose, the simplest job, which is one of the refinements of a successful language."

—BRIAN CAUSE

## THE RULES

**Rule No. 177.** Teach a man to fish and he will feed himself forever. **Rule No. 178.** Either that or he'll start to covet your gear and your boat, and maybe once and for all you'll be able to unlock the goddamned things.

**FROG  
JUICE**

WHAT THE FRENCH KNOW ABOUT WINE  
CHEAP AIN'T ALWAYS BET

The French will be the first to tell you—but most everyone would have to agree—that when it comes to the love of wine, they wear the crown. An example: While baskin' along the French wine trail in 1990, I arrived in Burgundy on July 14, in time for the Fête de l'Éperle de la vigne, a phenomenon to behold. It seemed that every house, *farmhouse*, and *chateau* had held its flagrant bar or barney to a countless variety of *châteaux* or *châteaux*. Each no petty place-hold. This was the start of the paper-nique used in high art: lower cupolas, crystal, and only in table linen, and of course, wine.

**Cherry wine.** You see, the French have figured out that wine needn't always be a meal, but not because of its pricing tag. While so many Americans clamor for the so-called privilege of paying outrageous prices for trophy wines, the typical Frenchman laughs all the way to the table, where he can enjoy another tasty glass of easy drinking, flavored every-day graps: weak lunch sandwiches, or Mellow D's. Now, that's true!

What eludes a lot of Americans is that wine is a beverage, not a badge of status. And though we might not find it in the quantities that can be had in the U.S., good, cheap French wine can be found in the New World as well. You just have to know what to look for.



## PARADOX

[illegible]

**THIS!**

Here are some rules of thumb. Among reds, the best value for the money wins include Bourgogne-Villages, Côte de Rhône, and Bordeaux cheap-white wines. Another Reserve St. Emilion and Fronsac de l'Aube region. Note that in Nard, the constant knee jerk wines are good values, and often. When several local grapes of better, or otherwise—lean

**Wanted: "Mug" Gerald Abner**  
 It's happening: Four men are wanted in connection with the shooting of a man in a restaurant in the Bronx. The man was shot in the chest and died. The man was shot in the chest and died. The man was shot in the chest and died.

**George Jones** (*George Jones*) is a writer and producer who has worked on several television shows and movies. He is currently working on a new project called "The George Jones Show".

—But, weren't you strong enough to buy by the case to stock your kitchen  
cave? All are suitably food-yet, however, you subscribe—  
charitable. But, by pig round, or carter—your it, don't you? A do you?

[illegible]

[VISIONS AND VOICES]

"What films usually do, they take one year, they take one week, or even a whole lifetime, and squeeze it into one and a half hours, 90 minutes of film, and what I wanted to do is find out what happens when you take 20 minutes and stretch it out into one and a half hours. We can suddenly say, 'Look, who's this?' and 'What's this life about?' and 'What's he doing here?'"

—GERMAN FILMMAKER TOM TYWEN, ON HIS STYLISH, HIGHLY ACCLAIMED THRILLER *HUN* (LA RUY), WHICH OPENED THIS SPRING'S NEW BRITISH FILM FESTIVAL AND LIES AT THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART IN NEW YORK AND IS NOW OUT IN WIDE RELEASE FROM BONY CLASIC



online under a Creative Commons Attribution 4.0 International license for personal or non-commercial use, provided the original work is properly cited and the copyright notice is retained. For information on other, not public, CC BY-NC-ND 4.0 International license for personal or non-commercial use, provided the original work is properly cited and the copyright notice is retained.

0-800-762-2269

# Green

A Month in the Life of Your Money

By Ken Kurson



## How to Buy the Internet

Four tests to make sure your stock picks survive when others crash

This story is about Internet investing, but it delves through Atlanta City.

My friend Andy is the best poker player I know. Like all excellent players, he adapts his moves to the needs of his trade. He's a professional, and he's a professional. He's a professional.

perceptiveness about his opponents' next moves. While driving home from a long day at the big computer for me then for him, and the markets were coming on the radio. I mention that at Duquesne is facing David Wells, who's returning to the Bronx for the first time since an unceremonious trade.

brought the rocket Roger Clemens to town like the underdog—at it, it's really time, and the underdog and my pet computer play Andy likes the over, but he wants to play for a time. That's a thousand—too much for a week. Despite the splendid performance of my own I pass, and the early innings have the expected pitching duel. After two scoreless, I mention my report over not taking that thousand dollar bet. Andy offers me another deal—half the over at 2 1/2, but now only for two days. "Are you sure?" I exclaim. "These guys are under the table and more than a fifth of the game's profit." "Make it three thousand," comes Andy's reply. Not wanting to take advantage of an obviously and drunk friend, I decide the sure thing.

After that thing's past without a run, I jokingly renew the offer, knowing that even in softball, they don't often score runs in five innings. "I'll take it, but only for six grand," I almost do it, just to leave him some money, but I take pity on him and pass.

The fact that the game ended 6-4 Yanks left the lesson here. The lesson is that Andy knew from the beginning that it'd never rise as much as he was asking. In other words, he was willing to place a bet on a long shot, but because he knew going in that he'd never lose. And even if he had bought the extremely overpriced bet he still would have made money. See why this is an Internet stock story?

An investor with \$22 billion in his pocket has a decision to make. He can buy half of Microsoft's. Or he can buy all of his peer's. Intel has only \$22 billion. His choice falls down to all of us. Always, it's a Steel, Intel, and Apple—or he can buy Procter and Gamble, essentially a travel agent whose market capitalization makes sense because it employs William Shriver as its spokesman. But yet another way the \$22 billion can buy Procter, which has a long history of selling its products in the North.



Not on the list? Well...

One tip of our estate grows to estate bottled Merlot and you'll understand.

LOCKWOOD  
VINEYARDS



THAT GOOD.



JULY 1999 ESCOBAR 31

the screen

By Tom Carson

# The Gospel According to Homer

For prime time's most accurate and nuanced reflection of real life in contemporary America, tune in to TV's current crop of cartoons



**S**OMETIMES I'M BAST, but I decided I was a sucker for Matt Groening's *Futurama* about six months into its late-March debut. On the last issue, robot cops out to nip him with the "assault ship" that would make him a delivery boy for life, the show's bumbling but game hero, Fry—a recently-emancipated redneck from a backwater New Year's Eve 1999 and delisted in the year 3000—had just dashed into the "Head Museum," presided over by a dispassionate (but still unctuous) Leonard Nimoy. After evading lofty agents about the dignified life it had led, Nimoy's disembodied muggo dutifully swam up for kibble in a cry of "Pending time!"—a dead end on the shores of fame, and even funnier because nobody gives a rat's butt about Leonard Nimoy's dignity. Seconds later, Fry knocked over a computer holding Richard Nixon's head; it promptly changed down on his knees, glowing red and weeping like a stolidized tumor.

I could watch stuff like that forever. But by now, so can the rest of George Will would find it offensive; it's more like gas for the crane. So far as impact goes, *The Simpsons*, Groening's first series, is, in today's prime time, what *Nimoy's Odyssey* was to modern art, and the nearest to "How do you try that?" is that you don't. Prancing just how much things

ROBERT HARVEY

20 engineers, 18 months,  
and the result doesn't really look or  
sound any different from the original.

Now that's a success story.



It was a tall order, even for Bose® engineers. Like the most highly reviewed radio regardless of size or price—what *Audio World* called "simply amazing"—a genuine breakthrough." Now radio is even better. Add a CD player. Match the sweet-sounding sound of the original Wave® radio. Go to any lengths necessary—but don't increase the size of the radio by more than a quarter inch.

**The result: the new Bose Wave radio/CD.** To keep it small and sleek, like its predecessor, we made room for a compact disc player by reimagining the patented acoustic waveguide speaker. Listen and you'll hear full, natural bass and clean sound that no conventional radio can produce. Naturally, the new Wave radio/CD offers all the convenience of the original, and then some. The remote, in addition to adjusting the volume and changing stations,

also lets you control the CD player from across the room. There are even dual alarms that can wake you to your favorite CD track. **Insert disc. Press play. Be impressed.** The new Wave radio/CD is available for \$499 directly from Bose. If you prefer, you can make six interest-free payments. Listen for 30 days. The Wave radio/CD is unlike any conventional radio you've heard before. If you don't agree, return it for a full refund—no questions asked. Call Bose today and find out why we think we've created the world's best-sounding radio twice.

1-800-375-2073, ext. T2785

For information on all our products

www.bose.com/T2785

Please speak clearly when ordering.

Wave radio/CD \$499. CD Player \$199.95.

Wave radio \$249. CD Player \$149.95. CD Player \$149.95.

Buy Price: \$499.00  
Financing Price: \$499.00  
See us at: The Groening Co., 1000 17th St., Suite 100, San Francisco, CA 94103



Wave Radio/CD  
\$499

Wave Radio  
\$249

**BOSE**  
Better sound through research

© 2000 Bose Corporation. Bose® is a registered trademark of the company. All other trademarks are the property of their respective owners. Bose Corporation, 1000 17th St., Suite 100, San Francisco, CA 94103. All rights reserved. Bose Corporation is not responsible for the content of any website or any other source of information. Bose Corporation is not responsible for the content of any website or any other source of information.





# Papa®

Hemingway's a brand name, a famous face.

But will history remember  
the image or the work? Or neither?

By Sven Birkerts

**F**OR A LONG TIME—years—when I kept a photograph of Ernest Hemingway tucked to the window pane next to my writing desk, it was not one of the semi-classic images—of Hemingway as sportsman or grateful immigrant—but a simple snapshot of the writer as a young man in his teens. He is sitting in a field in Michigan, head down in concentration, pencil gripped in his hand. He looks at the world like a kid doing his homework, only his focus is somehow covetous.

I kept the photo in front of me for so long because it captured a sense of youthful innocence or purity, that was a writer in chrysalis. I found a consciously moving, or powerful, image because that first young looking was so quickly replaced by craft and cunning. Hemingway certainly ran through his innocence, his innocence, at a fast clip. But he also got a few absolutely golden years, in between most of us ever do.

Now I see that I have another use for that odd little image. It serves me as a kind of filter or crowding device—a way to hold on to the writer after fame, old-age, and the extraordinary proliferation of influence have all but buried him into muck. I keep it as a conscience.

The boy in the field, staring out, is also, strangely, a reminder of Nick Adams, the central figure of the young man whose name survives but just begins to encounter the implacable counterforce of things as they really are. Nick Adams, whose perceptions, reflexes, and personal emotions remain fixed in some of the most finely modeled prose ever to move against the wheel of the page.

I need this young Hemingway not only to remind me of my own human limitations and desires but also to hold against the sum of everything that now comes packaged as a brand—all the unrelenting romantic whiffle that the man spawned and continues to spawn right up into our moment, the century of his birth.

"Papa" is the brand name, and it was fit because Papa's brandish that a massive conference was convened in Boston's John F. Kennedy Library this year April. The gathering featured long Nobel laureates—Nadine Gordimer, Derek Walcott, Kiriakos Oxi, and Saul Bellow—and a lot of literary eminences the likes of which we have not seen anywhere for a long time. For two full days, punches both celebrated and exchanged a writer dead nearly fifty years now, looking at his writings on

Seville STS tested with optional Z-Speed drive. BMW 540i tested with standard 54 control drive. 1 KM 333-440. ©1991 GM Corp. All rights reserved. Cadillac, Seville, Panther, Eldorado.

**ULTIMATELY  
THIS IS THE DRIVING MACHINE  
IN THE SLALOM.**

For years, BMW has advertised themselves as the ultimate in driving

performance. But in recent LMSD certified tests, Seville STS with the

300 horsepower Northstar System and the amazing handling of

StableTrak actually outperformed the vaunted BMW 540i on the

slalom course! And while tests like this translate to performance you

can enjoy every day, it also makes one thing clear. When it comes to

the slalom, Seville STS isn't just better than the 540i; it's what's next.

**SEVILLE STS. IT'S WHAT'S NEXT.™**



cadillac.com

was on Africa, on nature, involving the nuances of his awkward style, and extending his place in the canon.

And when Hemingway's son Patrick stood up at the end of the ceremonial dinner to read an excerpt from *True at First Light*, Papa's latest posthumous offering, there was the customary dissonance that he was still out there somewhere, contributing. But that was just the effect of voice and location. Hemingway, of course, took himself in the head back in 1961, shortly then a sad work of a man.

As for the prose of the new collection, the poetic author who created those soaring sentences about what was good and true would have driven a line through every one of those sentences.

So how do we replace this Hemingway phenomenon? How do we make sense of the fact that a writer so beloved by readers—the well-documented alcoholism and paranoia of his later years, the student-famous backslap against the obvious stream of his work, the several unfortunate posthumous publications, and the general fading of the status of swagger—was still considered the master of a moral of living writers, not to mention the steady sales that bespeak a confirmed masterpiece? The books alone cannot quite account for it.

What gave Hemingway's life in sense of perdurable moment was not just the weapons and the bang, bang, bang of his early success. Nor was it even the winning glint his extreme physical prowess. It was also the unending way that he kept on making difficult archetypes in his passage through. He was the late-spring, all-American boy, Black Fox hunting and fishing in the white of Michigan; the battle-scarred reporter for *The Kansas City Star*, the valiant ambulance driver in Italy in 1918, heroically carrying a wounded comrade while sustaining serious shrapnel injuries, the hard-drinking, hard-playing, experienced writer in Paris in his twenties, keeping his famous style in the belly of modernism; friend of Gertrude Stein, Picasso, Fitzgerald, Pound. . . . On and on, the image kept streaming toward us the war correspondents covering the Spanish struggle in Spain, the big game hunter in Kenya, the molten fishermen on Cuba and Key West. Almost accidentally, as it seems, he

wrote in *Our Time*, *The Sun Also Rises*, *A Farewell to Arms*, and *For Whom the Bell Tolls*. The 1954 Nobel prize seems to look like just another bit of garnish on a rich feast.

So here, of course, the underdog biographers, like Michael Reynolds in his recent *Hemingway: The Final Years*, have explored in close detail the anachronism, the health problems, the fear of powers rising, the toll of three failed marriages, the ever-escalating damage inflicted on all fronts by the monumental



Before time consumed him, Hemingway sat on the shore.

bearing. But the power of archetype still shines forth. So compelling are the public images of America's literary hero that the man has become proof against all revisionist attempts. He is an emblem, an icon, a permanent abiding figure in our literature. Hemingway sweeps all of our perceptions, stands for whatever we need a vision to stand for.

Or as I forgot, turned away last? Maybe history is not so impressed by a few decades of durability. There are other perspectives. I'm thinking now of an essay published a few months back in *The New York Times Book Review* by Michael

Lord. Titled "Debunking the Artist," the piece debates what it calls the "romantic and romantic religion of art." According to Lord, the myth of the great artist, the exemplary sufferer, was really "too silly an idea to be taken seriously for more than a few generations."

The future? For Lord—and others of the basicist persuasion—the future belongs to the trade professional. "In the twenty-first century," he writes, "the fact that a writer, dramatist, composer, or visual artist is as low-spirited, successful, and well paid as, say, Shakespeare, Haydn, or Raphael will not be grounds for suspicion."

And indeed, the decidedly unromantic character of our current literary scene would seem to bear him out. Nonetheless, we live from contract to contract, teaching, start to teaching, start, then slowly word-processed manuscripts (or, lately, typing via PDA) to agree, then edit, then checkmate. When most Miller—and this is now long decades ago—has chosen a fat or digested through any means?

There's no denying it: The terms of life—and art—have changed a good deal since Paris and Paris. Our neurons are cooled and trained, and devices that much less oxygen to breathe. Do I want it all back? Of course I do, even as I find myself with all of the more appropriate sentences.

But if Lord is right, and if this is to be the new way of things, where does it leave Hemingway? Well the tale runs against him, preserving the image and the work only as a kind of untimely monument. Or will be, rather, the paradoxical heroism, cherished as a compensation for our great collective loss?

Deep down, I'm convinced, we all grieve for the disappearance of these psychological tensions, those thrilling moments.

For me, certainly, it works that way. I study the photographs in David Shields's *Ernest Hemingway: An Illustrated Biography*, and when I find, above all else, is that there was a life both dense and fired. The images still evoke for me whatever it was that decades ago, in the most reflexively romantic way, commanded the writing life as the only one possible.

I am a victim, yes, of the icon effect. I long ago met my constructed longings and projections in Hemingway's direc-

# FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT ACCENTS

## TALIESIN TABLE LAMP

In 1925, Frank Lloyd Wright created a wooden table lamp for his own home, Taliesin. We've reimagined it on a more versatile scale. The solid birch construction and laminated paper shade evoke the pagoda form favored by Wright. The Mini Table Lamp, 16 1/2" x 11 1/2" W x 12 1/2" D, softly illuminates your home or office. Each fixture's authenticity is certified by the Frank Lloyd Wright Foundation trademark. As a further guarantee of quality, every lamp is individually tagged and numbered. A portion of the sales are donated to the Frank Lloyd Wright Foundation. Available in three finishes:  
#R01671 Cherry Wire (shown) \$130.00  
#R01672 Vandyke Walnut \$130.00  
#R01673 Ebony \$130.00



## WILLITS MANTEL CLOCK

The Willits Mantel Clock is inspired by Frank Lloyd Wright's window design for the renowned greenhouse, Ward T. Willits house. It's solid case and prominent pendulum are solid wood. A fine addition to your home or office. 13 1/4" x 8 1/2" x 4 1/2". Certified by the Frank Lloyd Wright Foundation. A portion of these sales are donated to the FLW Foundation. Quartz movement. Runs on one AA battery (not included). Made by Belovs.  
#R02670 Willits Mantel Clock \$135.00



TO ORDER CALL  
1-800-666-6421  
DEPT. EQ793

Yes, MasterCard, American Express and Discover cards are accepted. Or send check or money order to: H. N. O. R. I. G. I. N. A. L. S. Dept. EQ793, P.O. Box 7745, Red Oak, IA 51591-0745. Please add \$7.95 for shipping & handling.

## Want a KAHLÛA MUDSLIDE To Go?



Try Kahlúa. Drinks To Go.  
Kahlúa. That's how you get a variety  
of party-friendly flavors,  
including new Raspberry and  
Vanilla.

www.kahlua.com

Now you can make them or take them.



ANYTHING  
GOES.

## the page

tion, and then they snuck. I can recover some of the single even some I forgot over the phone—Hemingway in his longed-for M&M, or in a crowd at a Spanish bullfight, or celebrating at the Snake Club with his new bride, Martha Gellhorn—and I cannot help but rue the scale and grandeur we traded off in writing down.

But then I see this other photograph, the one I kept by my desk, and I feel relieved. For that Hemingway, the one I taught out, has nothing at all to do with legend. It isn't again at the image of that fresh-fleshed young man, that boy as perfectly oblivious to the world, divorcing agency of time. This was—or so I imagine—the sensibility making its very first passes at converting the feel of immediate experience into words. Here, distilled, a perfect clarity of impulse. In a very few years, having seen some things and taken some key lessons from Stein, Sherwood Anderson, and the paintings of Cézanne, he would set down the sentences that would strike a whole generation as being something new in the world.

He would write, for instance, on his story "Big Two-Hearted River," of Nick Adams coming back to the wilds of Michigan after being away. Back from the war—the war never existed—that other young man would look at the things around him as if using them of blood redemptive:

Nick looked at the burned-over stretch of hillside, where he had expected to find the scattered houses of the town and then walked down the rail and back to the bridge over the river. The river was there. It worked against the log piles of the bridge. Nick looked down into the clear, brown water, and over from the gibby bottom, and watched the trout laying themselves slowly on the current with swimming flukes. As he watched them they changed their positions by quick angles, only to hold steady as the fast water again broke around them along with.

Simple nouns, simple verbs—the whole beside is here being reported by the present tenses of a young man.

Nick and Gellhorn's reliance on the economy of many of the writers at the ordinary conference when she investigated against the publication of a dead author's unfinished work and desired to advance the posthumous impulse there would look to lack the material to Hemingway's own words. "When we go home," she pleaded, "let us leave his life alone. It belongs to

him as he lived it. Let us read his books."

Beaulieu I applauded right along with everyone around me. But even as I did, I had to remind myself that, good as they sound, high-minded proclamations like these don't finally matter all that much. So long as there is a poem to be written from the same, the image, or the work, Hemingway will be explored. Don't agree? Believe otherwise? And the world will keep changing, away from anything he would have understood, and one day all that morning immediacy of struggle and death will seem but a fantasy of things as they once might have been.

Of the wrong, what will stay? We all but on our own terms, of course. I put my money out on the words, even the most famous of them—"The Sun Also Rises. A Farewell to Arms"—but on the scenes, and, if really pushed, on the sentences themselves. The reason is simple. In the novel, Hemingway placed most of the moral weight on his now famous "codes"—what is manly, what is animal, what is true. This was an ethic of virtuous restraint, popularly translated as "grace under pressure."

For better and worse, we colleagues live on these terms. Our response to pressure is to organize or form a support group. The Hemingway codes now work only as one-take face. Encountering them in the north, we feel mocked; we turn prone to the pouring of the beer and we laugh.

But if that world is gone, the sentences—oddly—live on. Sentences looking together into paragraphs, paragraphs into long, self-sustaining passages. They are everywhere in the books. In their new stands, their moral-appealing clarity, they have become a kind of conscience for the writers who followed. Simply. Certain arrangements of words came out being good. Open the man's work anywhere and start reading. There, behold the rough, clipped sentences of his characters—their combats and ill-starred hours of loving—his acidity, anxiety, restlessness, mood, water, sunlight, moss, fields, shadows, hills—all that we move over and through, all that surrounds us. Hemingway was able to register the very minutest and verbiest gesture into things. He saw so forcefully that he wrote parts of the world away, rendered them useless for others. So long as writers figure that craft as a warning with today, they will have to nod to Hemingway. He came out so fearlessly from his center when the first bell rang. ■



ANYTHING  
GOES.



## food and travel

bread in the olive oil. After the first heavy dose of beer I drank and ate very slowly. When the *pimientos* a Pisco were given I ordered another serving and a *croqueta*. This was a sausage like a heavy, wide frankfurter split in two and covered with a special mustard sauce." I wish I could say the food tastes as good as Hemingway made it sound, but he was clearly intoxicated. It's because famous for the famous people who have eaten there, not for its roadside grub, and while the grilling at the door by owner Michel-Jojoan Pantoche, grandson of Hemingway's friend Max Baer, is a bit warmer to strangers these days, it still helps to arrive with a pretty girl to get a table downtown, and some of the waiters do their job with the demeanor of men with aging teeth.

After Hemingway started making good money from his writing, he crossed the Seine for his pleasures, staying at the new hotels that are still the very finest in Paris—the Ritz and the Crillon. While on assignment in 1944 for Collier's, Hemingway and a group of GI "lifers" like him, on the Place Vendôme, allegedly clearing out a pocket of German soldiers and celebrating by ordering fifty martinis.

Hemingway covered the glories of the Ritz, which opened just a year before he was born, recalling the unalloyed pleasure he took "always being at least two bottles of Pilsner-Josef in the bar and the old Knur Martini (Dimitri) always ready to come in and sit with you when you want." It was there that he stepped up one night and down drinking Scotch with Jean Paul Sartre and Simone de Beauvoir. The Ritz's Little Bar, which he frequented after the war, has since been enlarged and renamed the Hemingway Bar, where bartender Colin Field keeps Pilsner's martini long, and they play old 78s on the phonograph.

The Ritz now also has names named after both Hemingway and Scott Fitzgerald.

The dining room, L'Espresso, does the long corridor of baroque and display cases, has a glimmering Regency formality that seems to swirl around you, and it's easy enough to imagine Hemingway sitting down with Dimitri to a dish of shell. Guy Lapeyre's barista scrambled eggs with plenty of black truffles in puff pastry and remembering it for me later in a story. The duck here is among the best in Paris, the tartar is cooked impeccably, and everything is supported by an exquisite wine list.

For grandeur, the Ritz is rivaled only by the Crillon. "When I had money," said Hemingway, "I went to the Crillon." The deluxe hotel—the only one associated with Hemingway—has a still in Paris's heart—it is mentioned in "The Snows of Kilimanjaro" and figures prominently in *The Sun Also Rises*. "At five o'clock I was in the Hotel Crillon waiting for lunch. She was not there, so I sat down and wrote some letters. They were very good letters but I hoped their being on Collier's stationery would help them. Dimitri did not come up, so about quarter to one I went down to the bar and had a Jack Rose with George the barman." If a man's got to be in good luck, the Crillon's not a bad place for it.

The Crillon's famous Long Bar, at which Hemingway often drank, is now a restaurant, while the croquet bar flanking the Crillon's formal, very beautiful Les Ambassadeurs restaurant, with its shimmering mirrors and noble pillars, Claret

Dominique Brachet, with two Michelin stars to his credit, runs out astonishingly haute cuisine like a regulation of lobster with carrots, fillet of red with lobster and onion and stuffed pea, and chicken breast with rose langoustines and fresh tagliolini, ending the meal with a strap asparagus with vanilla cream and caramel sauce. The best bit is a story on local drama, mystery, and Pilsner's favorites.—Marianne Rothchild

Hemingway favored the seafood at Pilsner on the rue Dauphine, opened in 1872 by Alfred and Catherine Pilsner and determined at everything in everything style by Louis Marthe. It's by the handsome—well-lit landmark (the modern interior) Pilsner was the first to offer raw oysters in Paris and to import Russian caviar, and he counted American expatriates in 1920, the first time he was overtaken by Jean-Claude Guarnaud, who renamed it Guarnaud-Pilsner (now just Guarnaud), and a table with the best seafood restaurants in the world, having always explored the market for the finest possible fish—never more than thirty hours out of water and never touching ice. Guarnaud considers the trouble cost well worth a bowl of red wine and wild mushrooms, and a wonderful piece of fish, and often served fresh lips, with several portions, for an addition.

But when Hemingway just wanted to meet Dimitri for drinks, he, like every American since 1918, headed for Harry's New York Bar at 5 rue Drouot (named on the window, like *Américain*), located, as taken since 1900, was founded with American college professors, the birthplace of the Bloody Mary was where Hemingway once dragged an ex-wife through and his drinking partner into the scene for describing the circumstances.

The place is casual and, of course, common with Americans. But that's the way it is to be really every place where Hemingway stayed or ate or drank. At least in those places he described in his writing, such as the "funky, high-ceilinged, cable-crisscrossed room" of La Rotonde, you can still and say to yourself, Yes, that's the way it is—exactly the way Hemingway described it in



The Crillon's old hotel bar and bar.

### HEMINGWAY'S PERFECT BLOODY MARY

To keep better (and/or smaller) it's "two shots" and 1/2 ounce of the biggest martini and 1/2 ounce of vodka. 1/2 ounce of tomato juice. 1/2 ounce of Worcestershire sauce. 1/2 ounce of lemon juice. 1/2 ounce of celery salt. 1/2 ounce of pepper. 1/2 ounce of black pepper. 1/2 ounce of tomato juice. Keep on stirring and taste it to see how it is doing. If you got it too powerful weaken with more tomato juice. If it lacks authority add more vodka.

—ERNEST HEMINGWAY, FROM A LETTER TO BERNARD PETRON, APRIL 5, 1947

## Esquire

### Fitzgerald. Hemingway. Carver. So who's next?

### Introducing the 1999 Esquire Fiction Competition for New Writers

PRESENTED WITH  
**YAHOO!**

### Prize: \$4,000 and publication in Esquire

1. Competition is sponsored by Esquire and open to all writers, new, from anywhere published or not, or a collection of stories. Hard Copywriters and Yahoo! employees and their families are not eligible.
2. Entries must be original, unpublished works of fiction, no longer than 4,000 words, typed and double-spaced. There are two ways to enter: To send entry by mail to the Esquire Fiction Competition, 255 West 57th Street, New York, NY 10019. Submissions must be received by September 15, 1999. To send submissions and an online entry link at [esquire.yahoo.com](http://esquire.yahoo.com). Official rules for online entry are available at [esquire.yahoo.com](http://esquire.yahoo.com). On-line entries will be accepted from 12:01 A.M. ET on June 15, 1999 to 11:59 P.M. ET on September 15, 1999. Include your name, address and telephone number on the first page. Each contestant will be asked only one story and responsible for lost, late, or misdelivered entries, or for unreturned electronic entries. All manuscripts become the property of Esquire and will not be acknowledged or treated as submission of an entry or consideration agreement to these competition rules.
3. Stories will be judged for overall literary excellence, and a winner will be announced by December 1, 1999. The second prize of \$4,000 is a prize.
4. Esquire reserves the right to edit the winning story. Winner will be required to sign a release and affidavit of copyright including a contributor's agreement and a grant of all publication rights to Esquire, which must be received within 14 days or another winner may be chosen. Esquire reserves the right to publish winning entries in the national and international media without compensation and without prior notice. Esquire reserves the right to publish winning entries in the national and international media without compensation and without prior notice.
5. Subject to all federal, state, and local laws and regulations. JURY: 18 or over and a U.S. citizen to enter. Not where prohibited.

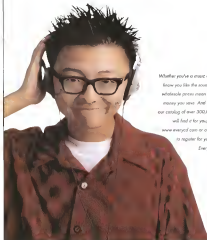
Visit [esquire.yahoo.com](http://esquire.yahoo.com) through September 30 for more information.





► A Little Secret Other Music Stores Don't Want You to Hear . . .

## Wholesale Music Sounds Better



Whether you're a music addict or just a casual listener, we know you like the sound of savings. EveryCD's everyday wholesale prices mean the more music you buy, the more money you save. And if you don't find what you want in our catalog of over 300,000 titles, EveryCD's Search Team will find it for you, even if it's out of print. Visit us at [www.everycd.com](http://www.everycd.com) or call us toll-free at 1-800-EVERYCD\* to register for your FREE 30-day trial membership. EveryCD: More music is a good thing.

1-800-EVERYCD  
[www.everycd.com](http://www.everycd.com)

Circle 74/101 and 2002/2000/01  
© 2002 EveryCD, LLC

Special Advertising Section



# VANITY FARE

20 WAYS TO IMPROVE YOUR MIRROR IMAGE

# IF YOU THINK LOSING MORE HAIR IS INEVITABLE, THINK AGAIN.



**The first and only pill clinically  
proven to treat hair loss in men.**

PROPECIA is a medical breakthrough—the first pill that effectively treats male pattern hair loss on the vertex (at top of head) and anterior mid-scalp area.

By all measures, the clinical results of PROPECIA in men are impressive.\*

- 83% maintained their hair based on hair count (vs. 55% with placebo)
- 60% had visible regrowth as rated by independent dermatologists (vs. 7% with placebo)
- 80% were rated as improved by clinical doctors (vs. 47% with placebo)
- Most men reported an increase in the amount of hair, a decrease in hair loss, and improvement in appearance.

\*Based on vertex studies at 24 months of men 18 to 41 with mild to moderate hair loss.

Scientists have recently discovered that men with male pattern hair loss have an increased level of DHT in their scalps. PROPECIA blocks the formation of DHT and, in this way, appears to interrupt a key factor in the development of affected male pattern hair loss in men.

Importantly, PROPECIA helps grow natural hair—not just peach fuzz—and is as convenient to take as a vitamin: one pill a day.

Only a doctor can determine if PROPECIA is right for you. PROPECIA is for men only. Further, women who are or may potentially be pregnant must not use PROPECIA and should not handle crushed or broken tablets because of the risk of a specific kind of birth defect. (See accompanying Patient Information for details.) PROPECIA tablets are coated and will prevent contact with the active ingredient during normal handling.

You may need to take PROPECIA daily for three months or more to see visible results. PROPECIA may not regrow all your hair. And if you stop using this product, you will gradually lose the hair you have gained. There is not sufficient evidence that PROPECIA works for recession at the temporal areas. If you haven't seen results after 12 months of using PROPECIA, further treatment is unlikely to be of benefit.

Like all prescription products, PROPECIA may cause side effects. A very small number of men experienced certain side effects, such as: less desire for sex, difficulty in achieving an erection, and a decrease in the amount of semen. Each of these side effects occurred in less than 2% of men. These side effects were reversible and went away in men who stopped taking PROPECIA.

**So start talking to your doctor. And stop thinking further hair loss is inevitable.**

**CALL 1-800-344-6622** or visit our website at [www.propecia.com](http://www.propecia.com) today to receive detailed product information, including clinical "before and after" photographs. Please read the next page for additional information about PROPECIA.



**Propecia**  
(finasteride)

**Helping make hair loss history™**



line, reducing excessive daily hair loss. Conditioners moisturize and strengthen the scalp for thicker, fuller, healthier-looking hair, while Bio nutrient Treatments safeguard future hair buildup. NIOXIN hair products offer a complete, all-natural, non-drug solution to most of the factors of excessive daily hair loss by helping create an optimum scalp environment for maximum hair follicle activity.

For even greater cosmetic improvement, check out Toppik, a nonprescription system of tiny microfiber hairs that cling to your own using static electricity. This easy-to-use concealer populates with the aging community shakes into your hair and builds upon existing follicles, creating a fuller look that stays put through rain, sweat or wind until removed with shampoo.

## 2. PUT YOUR NECK ON THE LINE

Sticking your neck out in business may be a signal move, but the way it sticks out from your shirt collar is one of those important visual details you really can't afford to ignore. How you choose to expose this significantly underappreciated and vulnerable piece of real estate can have a very large impact on what others notice about it. Sure, a plastic surgeon can dramatically alter the line of your Adam's apple, but why go to extremes when a simple sartorial adjustment will do?

Certain style decisions can complement your countenance; others can draw undue attention to your flaws. Men with more than one chin should stick to wearing a lower collar that doesn't push the skin upward and accentuate it. "Choosing shirts with larger-pointed collars adds a tapering effect by extending the jawline," says Jennifer Maxwell, Parkerson, president of Look Consulting Inc. in New York, and founding president of the Association of Image Consultants International.

Long, thin facades demand a modern-spread or British spread collar to offset their narrowness, a style option that also

helps camouflage developing jowls. If you're the steel-jawed square-face type, a collar with rounded tips can add a touch of softness to keep your visage from appearing too harsh.

Long necks should opt for tub or pin collars that sit higher along the neck to cover the area more thoroughly. If you lack a neck, you need to create one by using a cut-throat tie that falls lower to expose more of your throat.

## 3. STOP LEARNING EASTWOOD'S LINES

There's nothing pleasant about the effects of a Merino or squint. "Tired eyes can make others think you're too old to get the job done," says Bruce Katz, MD, board-certified dermatologist and director of the



JUVA skin and laser center and MedSpa in New York. Undergoing cosmetic surgery is one approach to strip away the lay look. Upper- or lower-lid surgery, which ranges from \$2,000 to \$4,000, can remove excess fat, skin, and sometimes muscle from around the lids. However, "many business professionals are embracing the no-knife cosmetic solutions that dermatologists now offer," says Katz.

To push wrinkles flat, there's microinjection therapy, a procedure that decreases wrinkles by filling lines with either cows' body fat or synthetic collagen made from cow proteins. The entire process takes only minutes to perform with zero downtime and lasts from a few months up to a few years. To file down your frown, laser surgery chemical peels, and dermabrasion are three popular methods for reducing the top layer of skin, revealing fresh, less-furrowed epidermis below. To keep skin from wrinkling in the first place, there's always Botox, a single injection of a diluted toxin that will immobilize for four to six months the facial muscles that furrow the brow and cause crow's feet and squint lines.

## 4. SEE WHAT YOU'RE MISSING

Being eyeight can leave you looking old and feeling fatigued. Men with vision problems tend to lean in and squint more in order to see, causing premature muscle fatigue and wrinkled, sagging eyes at the end of the day. Fortunately, modern cataract surgical procedures, engagement, and research could eventually eliminate the long-term changes that occur as we age.

Heavilyighted men tired of cataracts but too nervous about laser surgery can choose a contact ring implant, a 0.3-millimeter transparent polymer ring that doctors can drop into the cornea to change its curve and help it focus. The 20-minute procedure costs about \$1,200 to \$1,500 to perform and is as successful as laser surgery, yet allows the patient to reverse the procedure if necessary.

Illustration by Alex Kozlov

**RESPONSIBILITY**

Time to life.  
**SOLGAR VITAMINS**

**SOLGAR**  
Since 1940  
VITAMINS MINERALS HERBS

Available at Fine Natural Food Stores. For information, SOLGAR 800-841-1171. Solgar is a registered trademark of Solgar Inc.



Presbyopia—that loss of elasticity due to aging within the eye that makes it difficult to focus quickly between objects near and far away—doesn't mean you have to settle for eyeglass reminiscences of 19th-century presidents. Toss any out-moded bifocals you may own for a pair of occupational glasses or monovision contact lenses (which enable one eye to see up close and the other to see objects at a distance). The sensation may seem disruptive, but most people who suffer from presbyopia enjoy clearer vision than with traditional bifocals.

## 5. SMOOTH OUT YOUR SANDPAPER

"Look at your facial hair as a direct reflection of your business acumen," says Look Consultants Parkinson. "The comments of a misshapen shadow speak the bloody truth: a clear indicator of your lack of patience and attention to detail. Handle your moustache with care and you'll never let your face run your cello, cool, collected man."

Trying to erase that stretchy shadow first thing in the morning is the first error in judgment that most men make. Your face

starts the day puffier from retaining fluids after a solid night's slumber; a temporary bloot that makes it harder to lay off facial hair evenly. Podge the blade for at least 30 minutes after waking to give the fluid enough time to head south, then proceed as usual: soaking your scruff in warm water before applying a thin layer of cream (placing a moisturizer below the cream can help to soften those hairs even further).

Next, choose your weapons wisely. Double or triple blades offer the closest cut, but heavy-headed gents suffer fewer scrapes using a single blade. Take care to skin and begin shaving in the direction of beard growth, starting with the flatter portions of your face (cheeks and lips) and ending with the bowed spots that require more time to massage (chin and throat). And don't hustle through it: "Most guys fly through their shave as if there's money riding on it," says Dr. Kircz. "Rushing only leads to skin redness, cuts and ingrown hairs." Use a lighter stroke, even if it means going over the same area five or six times.

Finally, try down dirty/deer: alcohol-free Soothing Considered After Shave which soothes razor burn with aloe vera gel. The fast-absorbing, runny-gel formula leaves skin lightly scented and feeling smooth and conditioned.

## 6. AVOID CLIPPING PENALTIES

The cut and color of your ear play a major role in the statement you make to others. The right haircut speaks connection before the mouth below has a chance to prove it. The wrong haircut keeps all parties too distracted with figuring out what's wrong with your head to bother listening to a single word you're saying.

You can achieve a sharp-looking style by contrasting it with the natural shape of your visage. "Rounder, fuller faces are reinforced with a box-shape cut, using straight lines to keep what's plump in proportion," says Parkinson. In contrast, leaner (leather) faces need width along the edges of the head to add dimension and fullness. Farming hair too short along the sides will only elongate what you already have. Those blessed with a square face are the least confined and open to any style except an equally square taper, unless you're big on cabron.

## 7. COLOR WAR

Restoring hair to its rightful color can promote a more youthful appearance. If the thought of mink your head makes you feel self-conscious, just look at the whole process as taking over where nature left off: "Your hair's been self-dyeing all your life incorporating tiny cells called melanocytes that use melanin to add pigment to the hair shaft. All you're doing is substituting the melanin once responsible for adding hair color."

"The key is not waiting for the problem to escalate before treating it accordingly," says Parkinson, who has advised many captains of industry over the years. Certainly gray hair adds credibility for many men, but if you're going to dabble it up the order you start, she says, is less chance anyone will know. And it doesn't become fly men treating your entire life. "Even covering a portion of gray can pre-

# Hangover Prevention & Cure... A Miracle!

Prevents Damage Caused by Alcohol\*

"Never drink alcohol without the all natural protection of **Liverite**."



Simply... take it before, take it after, and get on with your life!



A PORTION OF THE PROCEEDS OF THE SALES OF LIVERITE GO TO THE NATIONAL BENEFITS COALITION, A NON-PROFIT ORGANIZATION.

Toll Free: 1-888-485-LIVE  
www.liveriteproducts.com



\*This advertisement does not constitute the Food and Drug Administration. Liverite is not intended to diagnose, cure, or prevent any disease.

Also Offer Fine Pharmaceuticals and Health Services

note a more youthful appearance," she adds.

Visiting a hair professional offers more diversity to the grayman. A trained colorist can create commercially unavailable shades to get an exact match for your natural tint, and knows the best way to strategically blend color to evoke the most efficient youthful discretion. Located in Beverly Hills and New York, Louis Lican—the king of color—offers expert color consultation to men looking for a change.

## 8. PUT ON A BRAVER FACE

With each personal milestone emerges a facial reminder of what it took to get there. The teen for these crosses a character, a euphemism as well-worn as the lines themselves. "Simple life adjustments can make a difference in keeping your age from catching up with you" says Katz. For example, just switching from sleeping on your belly or side to napping on your back can prevent years of unnecessary stretching and pulling of the face that can evolve into wrinkles.

Fortunately men are slowly coming around to embracing the cosmetic and surgical procedures available for keeping these age indicators in a holding pattern. Those looking to reduce lines, shrink pores, and eliminate hyperpigmentation (the dark circles under the eyes) can try a chemical peel, a 20-minute acid mask that runs about \$75 to \$200. Ridding a nose of the prominent red vessels known as rosacea or removing other skin problems can be done in the same amount of time using lasers that painlessly shrink enlarged blood vessels without damaging surrounding skin or nerve cells.

For deeper lines and creases, it may pay to shell out \$500 to \$2,000 for laser resurfacing, a more demanding form of treatment that can strip away cells and remove acne scars, blemishes, eye spots, and freckles. "The heat of the beam also tightens fibers underneath the skin to eliminate lines, wrinkles, and crow's feet."



says Katz. Just be sure to ask what laser your professional uses. CO<sub>2</sub> lasers can leave skin pink for up to a month, whereas an erbium laser is more inconspicuous, giving skin a pinkish afterglow that disappears within a week. If you're unsure where to start, call the American Academy of Dermatology (847-330-0330) for information. Or the American Society of Plastic and Reconstructive Surgeons (800-635-0635) can cite you in to several board-certified professionals in your area.

## 9. PLAY IT SMOOTH

Back when the only wrinkles in your life were on your button-downs, the rules of facial management were simple: soap and water, a little shaving gel (or post-razor) and not too much faking. A few years later, time and gravity have made your

approach to skin care a tad more complex. But keeping your complexion healthy and vibrant doesn't mean you have to spend your life in front of the bathroom mirror.

In the morning, wash your face—massaging the soap into your skin—then rinse. Towel blot your face, then look at your skin. If it looks fine, stick with your regular soap. If it looks dry, try switching to a facial soap with added moisturizers, such as Dove or Dialium. After you wash, smooth on an oil-free moisturizer; preferably one with a built-in sunscreen to seal in moisture and temporarily smooth fine lines. "Men suffer from excess oil as it is," says Katz. "Using an oil-free moisturizer keeps pores clear plus it absorbs faster into the skin."

During the day, make a habit of wearing sunscreen. "The only time most men reach for protection is when they're on vacation," says Kuzin. Wallin, director of

THEY'RE LIKE  
SPORTS DRINKS  
FOR YOUR SKIN

**JOVAN**  
**BODYTONIC**

NEW Made-for-Men Grooming Tonics

Photography by Bob Rosen

# Good Smelling Stuff That Works

New Jovan BodyTonic

for Refreshing,

Energizing or Soothing skin

after shower or after sports.

In three light, fresh scents.



the spa and recreation center for the Loews Miami Beach Hotel. "That leaves 49 weeks out of the year for unprotected skin to absorb the damage of sun exposure from day-to-day activities," apply at least 10 minutes before going out since some tanners need time to be absorbed into your skin's outermost layer.

## 10. SMILE WHEN YOU SAY THAT

An ivory grin can take you anywhere, yet poor dental habits can steal the sparkle from your teeth. For faster, immediate results, a dentist can tell you if you're a good candidate for bleaching teeth back to their pearl-tinged sheen, a procedure that's successful in more than 90 percent of patients. Dentists can also bond porcelain veneers along the front of your teeth to mask discoloration from decades of taking your coffee black and your cigars Cuban.

If you're looking to go it alone, look for a toothpaste that contains titanium dioxide or Gistoxin, which safely dissolves stains and recolors your teeth simultaneously.

To protect those teeth in the long run, try taking smaller sips when drinking highly acidic beverages such as wine, fruit juice, sports drinks, and sodas. According to the Academy of General Dentistry, sipping in smaller amounts—or better yet, drinking through a straw—has been shown to reduce exposure of acids on tooth enamel and spare them decay and discoloration.

SPECIAL ADVERTISING SECTION



## 11. MOUTH WATCH

What emerges from your mouth has nothing to do with what you eat. Stressful situations, stale office air, anesthetic, and other over-the-counter drugs, or even slipping meals can dry your mouth of the saliva it needs to flush out the bacteria responsible for bad breath.

Contrary to what you might think, eating frequently doesn't cause bad breath; it's actually the fastest way to decrease it, since saliva helps to wash away the bacteria on the back of the tongue that's responsible. Try eating smaller meals and increasing your water intake throughout the day. Save the mouthwash for emergencies: some over-the-counter products may temporarily reduce bacteria in the mouth, but most sense only to mask one odor with another or use alcohol, which can further dry the mouth and perpetuate the situation.

## 12. BUILD UP SOME SWEAT EQUITY

Having the body of a 20-year-old comes with its own unbeatable lot of obvious rewards. But staying fit in the long run is the utmost intriguing secret, and it doesn't take as much effort as one might think. "To save time, stick with compound movements that work several muscle groups together, such as bench press, squats, and rowing exercises," says Wayne Westcott, Ph.D., fitness research director at the South Shore YMCA in Quincy, Mass. "Finding 20 minutes a day three times a week is all it takes to make a difference." Even twice a week is better than nothing. According to Westcott, studies have shown that working out two days a week is 90 percent as effective for building strength and muscle size as working out four times.

If going to the gym is simply impossible, then bring the gym to you. The most popular product on the market for businessmen to keep in their offices is a chin-up bar called the Door Gym (201-628-5157), a \$50 device that hangs from doorways without using a single screw—its cantilever design uses your own body weight to hold it in place. The device also doubles as a set of push-up bars to strengthen the chest, and helps lock your feet for doing crunches.

## 13. STAND AND DELIVER

Good posture conveys authority and radiates a look of success. "Clothes lean for confidence in your voice, but look for it in your posture," says Parkinson. But standing up straight offers a few other image-enhancing qualities. Proper posture can help your paunch, increase your height by up to three inches (in some men), spare your back a lifetime of aches, and even make you more energetic. "Slouching constricts the chest and lungs, limiting the amount of oxygen the body can dispense throughout its system for energy," says Parkinson.

Register that sense of corporal dynamism doesn't require balancing. Antia latest opus on your head. If you are-to-five it spent in a seated position try standing each time you take a call. "Sitting contracts the hamstring muscles behind the thigh to tighten and tilt the hips, leaving the job of supporting your body entirely on the lower back," says Wayne Westcott.

## 14. SUIT YOUR SHAPE

The best-dressed men are those with the greatest degree of self-awareness. Conveying a greater presence requires an understanding of one's own physical appearance. What you wear underlines your intentions, but more importantly suggests who you are underneath. Unfortunately what's underneath may be the last thing you want anyone to

pick up on. Evaluating your style situation and sifting through the telling details of your wardrobe can help cloak the body you're stuck with until you get around to fixing it.

Thunch-conscious professionals should consider having their full-cut shirts tailor-tapered to remove bugginess around the belt for a sleeker silhouette. The right jacket with shoulders that flare wider than your hips can accentuate that same V-shape illusion even further. Steer clear of double-breasted jackets, since the button design draws the eye right to the area you're trying to hide.

Shorter men can also benefit from jackets with wider shoulders, but may need a few alterations to ensure the jacket doesn't drop past their beltline—any further will make you appear shorter. Double vents can encourage the illusion of height, creating lines that lead the eye from head to foot. The same

principle holds true when selecting other vertical applications, including pinstripes and suspenders, both of which can add length to the body.

## 15. CUT OUT THE MIDDLE, MAN

Thank—or blame—Dad for what's happening over your belt. A male genetic makeup, by nature, encourages excess calories to take up shop around our middle, making it the first place fat vests and the last place it wants to leave. Crunches and other abdominal exercises may be the best way to tone muscle tissue beneath, but despite what you've heard, these approaches are never the smartest approach to rid yourself of the fat above. Your time is better spent performing any type of cardiovascular exercise—running, cycling, walking.

Taking fewer holes in your belt suit all about working out, however, it's about what and when to eat. Simply doubling your fiber intake from 15 grams to 30 grams a day can reduce by up to 100 calories the amount your body can absorb, according to researchers at the USDA Human Nutrition Research Center in Beltsville, MD. Eating larger meals can stretch the abdominal muscles, limiting their ability to hold your stomach-in check so that your gut spills farther forward over time. Eating more frequent, smaller meals will not only prevent your muscles from being stretched, it can curb your hunger and prevent you from overeating.

If the damage has already been done, new breakthroughs in liposuction are also on the rise, making the operation less painful but more important, much less risky. "During tumescent liposuction, a new procedure that uses a diluted local anesthetic instead of the full-strength variety," says Dr. Katz, "patients can remain awake throughout and even stand up at the end to check the results. Two days later they can be back at work."

# WHEN IT COMES TO THINNING HAIR... TIME IS OF THE ESSENCE.

The sooner you start, the sooner you'll see the difference. Begin a hair care regimen now and join millions of men who have found a solution for thinning hair. The solution is NIOXIN.

Our decade of biotechnical research has led to significant new breakthroughs in the treatment of thinning hair. Remembers hair loss starts at the roots. NIOXIN'S non-drug, non-alcohol products nourish hair roots with advanced biotinrients, making your hair look thicker, fuller, and healthier without unwanted side-effects.

It's time for results, it's time for NIOXIN. Ask your stylist today!

**NIOXIN**  
The Science of Living Hair

For information call  
1-800-628-9890  
Or visit us at [www.nioxin.com](http://www.nioxin.com)





## 16. KEEP STOKING THE FIRES

There are four things no man can live without: food, water, sleep, sex. Achieving a proper balance of the first three is all any man needs to enjoy a fairly share of dynamism all day long. That last one? Well, that's probably the reason we need access to all that energy in the first place.

After a full eight hours' sleep, start your day by dipping the sweet stuff: instead eat items of complex carbohydrates and proteins, such as low-fat granola, yogurt, and fruit. Eating sugary foods may provide instant energy but it also releases serotonin, a chemical that encourages the body to sleep. Eating snacks throughout the day can also help to keep energy up and down.

Your body takes in plenty of toxins from alcohol, food, and medications that can really drag you down, deplete your energy and negatively affect your health. That's why it's vital to pay attention to your liver—your body's main filtering system. Livents, an all-natural liver toner and counter-product, is a highly effective dietary supplement that helps the liver to cleanse and detoxify, resulting in better energy, better health, and a feeling of general well-being.

Besides sleep and diet, don't forget to drink—water, that is. Losing just 2 percent of your body weight in water (more 56 ounces) can have the profound effect of slowing down physical and mental performance. Keeping yourself well hydrated throughout the day is crucial. And make those drinks cold when you can. Drinking eight glasses of ice water forces the body to burn an extra 100-plus calories just to warm the liquid to 98.6 degrees.



at drops to one or two areas that take longer to warm up, such as the chest or abdomen.

Because a fragrance can magnify in the presence of heat, choosing a subtle one for summer is a safe way to keep from being too potent. Hot weather demands a less robust scent, so shy away from heavier leather-based scents and lean toward lighter fragrances such as citrus or lavender-based colognes.

One men's-for-men grooming line that suits any season is Jovan BodyCare's Refreshing series, which is enriched with natural marine extracts to condition skin and has a cool refreshing scent. Another scent to experience is Davidoff GoodLife. This crisp and delectably masculine blend features the citrus freshness of black currant, watermelon and exotic fig leaf, creating a subtle fragrance that captures timeless style and sophistication.

## 17. THE ESSENCE OF A MAN

Choosing just the right fragrance is an acquired skill: one that depends on the impression you wish to leave with others. Choose something too, an antiquated, and you might as well apply some ten-day to complete the over-the-hill effect. Going with a more contemporary fragrance will separate you from those who distinguish—and date—themselves by wearing old-fashioned scents.

To properly use a scent, apply two or three drops, no more and no less, in any location where you can take your pulse, including the base of the throat, behind the ears, or on the front of your wrists. Body heat rises more easily at these points, encouraging the fragrance to last longer. To help release the fragrance throughout the day, it's also wise to apply several

## 18. BATTLE AGE WITH YOUR BARE HANDS

Most of us wear our jeans on our sleeves. "Sun and liver spots are instant giveaways of a lifestyle you may not want others to know," says Dr. Katz. "That's because your hands receive the most exposure to the sun yet are given the least amount of protection from it." Eat recommendations using a stronger sunscreen that incorporates active shielding ingredients such as antioxidants, vitamin acids, and zinc oxide to block both UVA and UVB rays and prevent premature aging and wrinkling. "If you want the sun spots removed, the Alcazar line laser caps them as just a few minutes, with no tedious aftercare afterwards," he adds.



Davidoff

GoodLife

The new fragrance for men

AVAILABLE AT FINE DEPARTMENT STORES





## 19. TAKE BETTER CARE OF YOUR BEST FRIEND

Your physique can be sculpted, your health improved, your waistline darkened. But what if your sex drive can't keep up with your new, exposed self-image? Sure, erectile dysfunction may be more difficult to admit to than your latest failed tech stock, but it's not the hardest problem to fix. Your candle could be flickering for a number of reasons that are entirely under your control.

First of all, you already know the thing has a mind of its own. Well, that mind needs oxygen to keep itself healthy and reliable. Unfortunately, the only time oxygen-rich nutrients are delivered is when we're having erections. Getting a full eight hours of sleep can increase the amount of nocturnal erections you have each evening, pumping more nutrient-dense blood through to preserve your sexual functioning.

Also check the labels on any medication you may be taking. Certain drugs used for blood pressure, ulcers, and other medical conditions have been linked to temporary erectile dysfunction. Even a deficiency in zinc in your diet can impair your sex drive (as if you needed another excuse to eat red meat). Lastly, hang up your bike at the garage and take up running. Certain bicycle seats force your body to support itself on soft tissue between your pelvic bones, crushing vital nerves and arteries that deliver blood to the penis.

## 20. JAIL THE FREE RADICALS

Environmental pollutants, poor nutrition and the body's natural metabolism can rob oxygen within your body of electrons, turning these atoms into what are known as free radicals. These scavengers are spending throughout your body right now, foraging electrons from healthy cells, creating oxidant—the molecular breakdown that causes our bodies to age—leading to everything from wrinkled skin to a weakening of the immune system.

Adding antioxidants and other supplements to your diet is one

way to curtail free radical damage. Antioxidants are a group of vitamins and minerals found in the dark-colored fruits and vegetables that are a fundamental part of any sound diet. But when it's not possible to eat the five servings of fruits and vegetables a day that are recommended for nutritional health, what can you do?

Consider taking a well-balanced multivitamin and mineral formula containing at least 250-1000 milligrams of C, 100-400 IU's of E, 100 micrograms of selenium and 5 milligrams of zinc (antioxidants like beta-carotene). One choice is Solgar's antioxidant/phytonutrient multiple formula, *Crosscut*, available at health food stores. For those who already take a good multivitamin, why not add Solgar's *Gold Specific* Antioxidant Free-Radical Modulators? To find a store nearest you, visit [www.solgar.com](http://www.solgar.com).

*Must Muffy* is a New York-based writer whose work has appeared in such publications as *The New York Times* and *Outside*.



BEFORE TOPPIK



30 SECONDS AFTER TOPPIK

## A FULL HEAD OF HAIR IN 30 SECONDS!

AT LAST there is a safe, natural way to eliminate the appearance of baldness and thinning hair. It's not a spray, cream or ointment. In fact, it's so scientifically advanced that it is unlike anything you've ever seen before.

### Add "Hair" to Your Hair

TOPPIK is an amazing new complex of tiny, microfibers that undetectably blend with your own hair. TOPPIK fibers are made of pure Keratin — the identical protein as your own hair.

You apply TOPPIK by simply shaking it gently over your thinning areas. In seconds, thousands of tiny color-matched hair fibers will interweave with your own hair. "Magnetized" with static electricity, they bond so securely that they will stay in place all day and night, in even the strongest wind or heaviest rain.

### Totally Undetectable

TOPPIK is totally undetectable, even from as close as two inches. In fact, these keratin hair fibers merge with your hair so perfectly that not even a trained eye will be able to detect them.

TOPPIK stays securely in place giving natural-looking thickness and fullness until the next time you shampoo. But TOPPIK removes easily with any shampoo. It is also totally compatible with Minoxidil and Propecia®. TOPPIK is great for both men and women.

### A Safe, Effective Option

Speaking of medical treatments, TOPPIK is recommended by doctors because it is completely safe and works instantly well with hair transplants. And if you are still weighing your surgical options, using TOPPIK will give you more time to make the right choice. No matter what your condition, if you are concerned about visible hair loss, TOPPIK will change the way you feel about yourself every time you look in the mirror.

### Try It Yourself, Risk-Free

If you don't look younger and feel more confident from the very first application, simply return the bottle, even if it's completely empty, within 30 days of receipt of your order. We'll refund the entire purchase price, no questions asked.



WHAT A DIFFERENCE IN ONLY 30 SECONDS!

Mark Davis, owner of TOPPIK with his friends Richard Perry and Chris Judd.

Richard, "I've always to see my hair fill out the way that I used TOPPIK. Even my front hairline looks completely full and natural. I don't believe the difference it makes in my appearance."

Chris, "TOPPIK gives me the biggest boost ever to my appearance. I can't even describe and perhaps with TOPPIK gain complete confidence. It's quick, easy and completely undetectable. Even my doctor was amazed."



Great for women too!

"TOPPIK has made me feel different about myself after just one application. 18 never felt so confident about my hair again!" —Susan Daniels, Los Angeles, CA

TOPPIK is only \$15.95 (members

Close Door Color

Q White, Q Dark Brown, Q Medium Brown, Q Light Brown, Q Natural, Q Black, Q White.

CREDIT CARDS ONLY

For credit purchase call 1-800-416-1491 or use a key.

1-800-416-1491 ext. 510

To order by mail, send check or money order for the full amount (\$24.95 including \$4.95). To ship it to your credit card, include your account number and expiration date. No COD's, U.S. funds only.

We can be reached year-round at:

SPENCER FORREST, INC. DEPT. 511  
5191 POSE RD. EAST SUITE 211  
WESTPORT, CT 06890

visit our website: [www.toppik.com](http://www.toppik.com)

## THICKENS THINNING HAIR



TOPPIK HAIR BUILDING FIBERS are organic, electrostatically "magnetized" hair fibers that bind to your own hair to instantly build density. They give you greater coverage and a thick, full looking head of hair—all in about 30 seconds!



## MY DAY

THE STORY OF APRIL 20, 1999.  
AN ESSAY IN SEVEN PARTS.I  
GUS'S BRICKS  
by TOM CHIARELLA

ABOUT a thousand years ago, this very morning to be precise, I made my six-year-old son chase blueberry waffles in our master. He ate them in front of the television while I walked the dog. When I returned, he was watching a cartoon we both like called *Beast Wars*.

"How long is sixty milliseconds?" he asked me in his knee, disinterested way, staring at the screen as a hawk turned onto a robot and then back again into a hawk. I knew the drill. He'd heard something. Now he was bawling it up, figuring it out. Asking questions, but not the questions.

"Not long," I said. "A lot less than a second."

"Like an eye blink," he said.

"Yes, I think."

"Like a snap," he said.

I tapped my coffee. Now another robot was riding the hawk, beating it on the head, making the hawk sit or crouched down.

"I don't know," I said. "I think a snap might be longer."

"You can't measure a snap," he said. He demonstrated.

"I think you can," I said. "I think you can measure just about anything."

"No matter how short?"

I nodded. I really believed it. My boy took this in. He whistled his little whistle, picked up his book bag, and we trundled off.

Every morning, I drive him to school. Depending on how late we are, we drive out on a line of cars, each nudging forward along the street drive, dropping out just as it was the single reliable design. I control my boy's return to get out before we hit that spot, though I have no right to do so on occasions when we are very late. "Dad, it's a rule," he reminds me. "Schools have rules, you know."

Every morning, he leaves out the rear seat and gives me a kiss, as plain sight of every other kid in the schoolyard, as if that were just another rule, though every morning I think this'll be the last one, the last kiss before he's too embarrassed to kiss his old man in public. There he climbs out of the car and dumps toward the door. I watch and he passes the principal, who winks at the doors every day, greeting each child by name, drinking his coffee from one of those massive mugs you see everywhere. I leave only when I see the first man back behind, when he's said my son's name—Gus—to welcome him in. I can see other parents hugging, too, not leaving and the doors that behind their children, dark and deep and certain. Sometimes I can see the

score rising from the principal's coffee and pull away.

That morning, four cars from the drop point, Gus said, "When about one millisecond?"

"What about it?" I said.

"Can you measure that?"

"Sure."

"I bet you'd need a computer," he said.

Just before climbing out, he showed his teeth, asking for real question, the thing he's worried about. "Oh. About Waco, they were saying they could blow up the whole planet in sixty milliseconds." He looked me, broken in the interview room, and pressed down a comb. "Could you do that? Could you blow up a planet in sixty milliseconds?"

"I don't think so." I shook my head, passed my lips as if it were a reasonable proposition, and said, "No. I don't think you could blow up a planet." I really believed that, too. "Don't worry," I told him, and then he was gone.

Billions of milliseconds later, this very afternoon, I was shopping with my 7-year-old son. I was pretty sure about the world. I kept walking past the same shot, accepting the work, watching the hallway wind in thinking area toward a distant orange post. There about eight away from everything as I can guess the life, close on a my present trip, at the top of a hill, behind the line of one of houses, at the north edge of my little town. In the distance, a dog barked.

It was 2:30. I'd slipped out on wide and poor to hang back before school got out for Gus. I was worried. My brother was coming in for the month guard that weekend. My telephone rang.

The man was like a piece of jewelry in the sky. I had a song in my hand, I'm a lumberjack and I'm okay. I sang it in myself as I went to the parking lot for a drink. I sleep all night and I work all day. The afternoon was on, as it always is, and the pop's wife stood at the counter, looking past me to the screen, holding a

pack of seven-pointed buttons and chickens. She didn't put it down if placed at the screen. Before we came, the way it did for me in such moments, in tips and with a huge wall, a man coughing behind a cat, unable. A spouse spoke. FOOTSTEPS DUAL, the caption read. Kneeling, I thought. Jesus. Behind me, four dogs circled a box bulb. Then I noticed that the screen had an unusual element, and the building was too new, and there was a huge parking lot of the sort you'd never see in Kansas, certainly not seated next to a thousand of three baseball fields. The building was a school, I could see, and then I could really see, everything thrust forward all at once, as a light I can only think of now as brown and a shadow. It was a school. And for me, moments, for however many countless times at a second at once, I had that thought. I know these bricks. These are Gus's bricks. There were letters at the bottom of the screen, smaller pieces of the story, telling me things, large things, scores, no more now, the letters and

"Now?" I said, too loud, to no one in particular. "Now?" And no one answered.

And miraculously, the first word I heard from the reporter was "Now."

It was answer enough.

2  
THREE MINUTES  
by JEANNE MARKE LASKAS

I'M TAKING a pregnancy test, peeing on a stick. Peeing for five seconds on the Wide Absorbent Tip. On the radio propped above the shower, they are saying there is news from a Denver radio. The radio that is amazingly only goes West Virginia. I don't know West Virginia, I've only been there once. To a dog track, for people betting on sleazy dogs.

I am sitting in the Korman from Colorado at a rate can't remember shorter than the Wide Absorbent Tip is absorbing my urine. It is leaking, for he was chronic gonorrhea. I hope it finds him after some gonorrhea, because then the pink line will appear. Blue line means no, blue line plus pink means yes. In three minutes. They say wait three minutes. This is so exciting.

I go into the other room to put on the TV, because three minutes is a long time to wait, and you'll see a pink line if anything. If you look hard enough at it. On TV they are saying it for more than they are saying in West Virginia. At first, it's "Oh, no, no, no." Another kid losing his mind. "Oh a gang of them?" I'm trying to jog my memory about the last time. Someplace south, or was it midwest? But this one—this one is horrible. With the line on this heart line! Because the shampoo—she's going on and on. It's not just three minutes of losing your mind, like I think the last one was. You can almost understand a kid going berserk for three minutes and spraying the cafeteria with bullets. Well, no, you can't. Oh course you can't.

Jesus, of course you can't. Why did I even think that? Is this what is leaking?

When I leave the pee-bing, I am headed to my son, toward his school, where I let him see that playground, daily circle of faith. School is school, more holy for the young child than any church or synagogue. We leave our children there in the face of all we know about things, in the face of all the things they will learn there. We do it. We say, I want more of what he learned that morning. I want to watch him grow things down into smaller and smaller units and let him help the figure as I watch things in the other direction. I won't tell him any of what were in to Landon, that moment when the planet exploded in milliseconds, the first of many such explosions he will live through. I'm sure. Oh I will tell it all to him. I can't be sure.

The sun shines like any day, the world's ancient goodness is quiet and

Traffic is that but slow. I am pulled along whatever service car entered me, toward my child, my boy, his school. In the days and weeks to come, I am sure, we will have the sunsets of the long, turbulent lives of the parents to the high school in California named for the former—California. I passed the school, more. More of it is such thing. More. Not one second of it. Not even an old house more.

And here are the kids who have made it out alive, the kids finding one another, begging one another they are alive. It reminds me of a Mexican concert I went to because I heard the message. I used to be the most girl for fifteen seconds before every guided me and hummed me out. And the kids coming out of the much pay, coming out bloody, and they found hanging there because, thank God, thank Jesus in heaven, they got out of there alive. And I thought about the memory, the need for memory to survive you have to sing it. I am there desperately trying to remember it from when I was that age. Because I am not going to be one of those people who say, These kids died. That was the past with those kids I had made. I am going to remember what it was like to be that age if it kills me.

It's killing me.

Right now, I don't want to be pregnant.

I said I would do this fertility treatment thing once, only once. Because I think I owe it to my uterus to give them one good flying chance.

WAS THE LAST one that horrible? It's not just three minutes of losing your mind, like I think the last one was. You can almost understand a kid going berserk for three minutes and spraying the cafeteria with bullets. Well, no, you can't. Of course you can't. Jesus, of course you can't. Why did I even think that?



**Abstract**



K

I

N

D

# Esquire letter by Raymond Chandler

AT WHAT HOUR DOES THE DAY BEGIN AND END? I DON'T KNOW. I ONLY KNOW THAT IT'S DIFFERENT ABOUT THIS TIME FROM THE OTHER TIMES WHEN I WRITE OR WHEN I AM WRITTEN. I DON'T UNDERSTAND THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN TWENTY-SEVEN DAYS AND A DAY, OR A WEEK, OR A YEAR. BUT DURING THIS PERIOD, I HAVE TAKEN IT INTO MY HEAD TO GO DOWN THE ROAD WITH ANOTHER DRUNK, A FRIEND OF MINE. THE MAN I'VE PICKED UP HASN'T EARNED SOME MONEY AND I'VE BEEN TALKING ABOUT BUYING INTO A BAR AND RESTAURANT IN THE OTHER PART OF THE STATE.

L

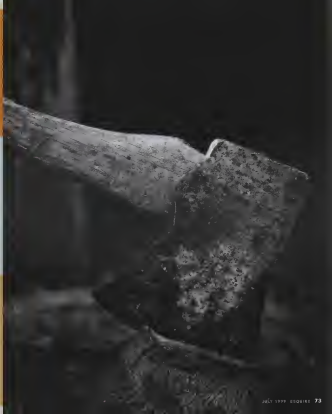
THIS SHOULD BE THE END OF THE MATTER. BUT IT'S STILL NOT THE END.

I

N

G

THE END OF THE MATTER IS NOT THE END OF THE MATTER.







go sit outside in the backyard between the garage and Myers's bedroom window and talk about their day and drink and try until it was time to go outside and turn on the TV. Once he heard Boone say to someone on the telephone, How'd the expert me to pay my attention to Elvin Presley's wright when my own wright was out of control on the road?

They'd said he was welcome anytime to sit in the living room with them and watch TV. He'd thanked them but said, No, please, I can't sit here.

They were curious about him. Especially Boone, who'd asked him one day when she came home early and surprised him in the kitchen, if he'd been married and if he had any kids. Myers had nodded. Boone had looked at him and wanted for him to go on, but he hadn't.

Sol was curious, too. What kind of work do you do? he wanted to know. I'm just curious. That is a small town and I know people. I grade lumber at the mill myself. Only need one good arm to do that. Inconspicuous when on oxygen. I could put in a word, maybe. What's your regular line of work?

Do you play any instruments? Boone asked. Sol has a guitar, she said.

But I don't know how to play a guitar, Sol said. I would if I did.

Myers kept to his room, where he was writing a letter to his wife. It was a long letter and, he felt, an important letter. Perhaps the most important letter he'd ever written in his life. In the letter he was attempting to tell his wife that he was sorry that something had happened and that he hoped some day she would forgive him. I would get down on my knees and ask forgiveness of that would be.

After Sol and Boone had both left for the day, he sat in the living room with his feet on the coffee table and drank instant coffee while he read the newspaper from the morning before. Once in a while his hands trembled and the newspaper began making on the floor. Boone knew when the telephone rang, but he never made a move to answer it. It wasn't for him, because nobody knew he was here.

Through his window at the rear of the house he could see up the valley to a series of steep mountain peaks whose tops were covered with snow, even though it was August. Lower down the mountains, timber covered the slopes and the sides of the valley. The river coursed down the valley, forming and bending over rocks and under granite embankments into a basin out of its confines on the mouth of the valley, down a fairly, as if it had been a track, then picked up strength again and plunged into the ocean. Days when Sol and Boone were gone, Myers sat in the sun in a lawn chair back and looked up the valley toward the peaks. Once he saw an eagle soaring down the valley, and on another occasion he saw a deer picking its way along the mountain.

He was sitting on the floor like that one afternoon when a big dark truck pulled up in the drive with a load of wood.

You must be Sol's roommate, the driver of the truck said. He was talking over the truck window.

Myers nodded.

Sol said to just change this wood in the backyard and he'd take care of a few others, the driver said.

I'll move out of your way, Myers said. He took the chest and moved to the back step, where he stood and watched the driver of the truck back it up onto the lawn, then push something under the cab until the truck bed began to descend. In a minute, the coffee legs began to slide off the truck bed and pile up on a ground. The bed rose once higher, and all of the logs rolled with a loud bang down onto the lawn.

The driver touched the horn again and the truck bed went back to its normal place. Then the driver spread his engine, looked, and drove away.

WHAT IF YOU WERE TO DO WITH THIS WOOD YOU THOUGHT WOULD BE USED FOR THE NIGHT? Sol was standing at the door trying to catch when Myers surprised him by coming into the kitchen. Boone was in the shower—Myers could hear the water running.

Why, I'm going to use it up and stack it, if I can find the time between now and September. I'd like to do before the rain starts. May be I could do it for you, Myers said.

You ever cut wood before? Sol said. He'd taken the drying pan off the stove and was wiping the fingers of his left hand with a paper towel.

I wouldn't pay you anything for doing it, Sol said. It's something I was going to do myself. Just as soon as I get a week-end to my name.

I'll do it, Myers said. I can use the extra.

You know how to cut a power saw? And an axe and an axe?

You can show me, Myers said. I learn fast. It was surprising to him that he cut the wood.

Sol put the pan of creek back on the burner. Then he said, Okay, I'll show you after supper. You have anything to eat yet? Why don't you have a little to eat with us.

I ate something already, Myers said.

Sol nodded. Let me get this grub on the table for Boone and me, and then we can eat. I'll show you.

I'll be back, Myers said.

Sol didn't say anything more. He nodded to himself, as if he was thinking about something else.

Myers took one of the folding chairs that was out back and sat down on it. He looked at the pile of wood and then up the valley to the mountain peaks that had the job of clearing off the snow. It was nearly evening. The tops of the mountains thrust up into some clouds. Mist seemed to be falling from the clouds. He could hear the river crashing through the melting snow down the valley.

I heard talking, Myers overheard Boone say to Sol in the kitchen.

It's the roomer, Sol said. He asked me if he could cut up that load of wood out back.

How much does he want to do it? Boone wanted to know. Did you tell him we can't pay much?

I told him we can't pay anything. He wants to do it for nothing. That's what he said, anyway.

No! That's what he said anything for a time. Then Myers heard her say, I guess he doesn't have anything else to do.

Later, Sol came outside and said, I guess we can get started now, if you're still gone.

Myers got up out of the lawn chair and followed Sol over to

the garage. Sol brought out two sawhorses and then upon the lawn. Then he brought out a power saw. The sun had dropped behind the trees. In another thirty minutes it would be dark. Myers rolled down the sleeves of his shirt and buttoned the cuffs. Sol worked without saying anything. He gripped an axe like one of the saw fast legs and positioned it as the sawhorse. Then he began to cut the tree, working steadily for a while. In about ten minutes he stopped, swung, and stopped back.

You got the idea, he said.

Myers took the saw and would the blade open a length where Sol had left off. He found a splinter and stepped with it. He kept passing, leaving into the saw. In a few minutes, he had started through several logs, which dropped in sections onto the ground.

That's the idea, Sol said. You'll do, he said. He picked up two blocks of wood, cut them over, and put them alongside the garage.

Either as a chair—or every piece of wood, he might enjoy it, Sol said. It's a good idea to split it with the axe down the middle, Sol said. Don't worry about making handles—T'll take care of that later. Just split about every fifth or sixth chunk. I'll show you. He propped the chunk up on end, with a blow of the axe, split the wood into two pieces. You try it now, he said.

Myers swung the block on an end, got it all split down, and he brought the axe down and split the wood.

That's good, Sol said. He placed the chunks of wood alongside the garage. Stock them up about so high, and then come out the way with your truck. I'll lay some place showing out a once it's all finished. But you don't have to do this, please know.

It'll be right, Myers said. I want to, or I wouldn't have asked.

Sol shrugged. They're turned and went back to the house. Boone was standing in the doorway, watching, and Sol stopped in the doorway, too, reached his arm around Boone, and they both looked at Myers.

Myers picked up the saw and looked at them. He left good suddenly, and he turned. Sol and Boone were taken by surprise at first. Sol grinned back, and then Boone. Then he and Sol went back inside.

Myers put another piece of wood on the sawhorses and worked twice, turning, until the next one he finished began to feel cold and then the next one. The porch light came on. Myers kept on working until he'd finished the piece he was in. He carried the two pieces over to the garage and then he went in, used his bare hands to wash up, then sat at the table in his seat and wrote in his notebook. I have another on my other dreams tonight, he wrote. His name and.

That night he lay awake for a long time. Once he got out of bed and looked out the window at the mound of wood which lay in the backyard, and then his eyes were down up the valley to the mountains. The moon was partially obscured by clouds, but he could see the peaks, and when he saw them, he felt as if he saw the house, the street, and the road, and further off he could hear the river crashing down the valley.

The next morning it was all he could do to wait until they'd left the house before he went out back to begin work. He found a pair of gloves on the back step that Sol must have left for him. He put on the saw and went back and forth sawing and splitting wood until the sun was directly over his head. Then he went inside and ate a sandwich and drank some milk.

When he went back outside and began again, he noticed that his shoulders hurt and his fingers were numb. In spite of the gloves, he'd picked up a few splinters and could feel them in his skin. He kept on. He decided that he would cut the wood and split it and stack it before sunset, and that it was a matter of life and death

that he do so. I must finish this job, he thought, or else... He stepped to work his elbow over his back.

By the time Sol and Boone came in from work that night—first Boone, as usual, and then Sol—Myers was nearly through. A chunk of wood lay between the sawhorses, and, except for two or three blocks of wood still on the yard, all of the wood lay stacked in neat rows against the garage. Sol and Boone stood in the doorway without saying anything. Myers looked up from his work for a moment and nodded, and Sol nodded back. Boone put his hand down looking, something through his mouth. Myers kept on.

Sol and Boone went back inside and began their supper. Afterwards, Sol turned on the porch light, as he'd done the evening before. Just as the sun went down and the moon appeared over the mountains, Myers split the last chunk and gathered up the two pieces and carried the wood over to the garage. He put away the sawhorses, the power saw, the axe, a steel splitting wedge, and the saw. Then he went inside.

Sol and Boone sat at the table, but they hadn't begun to eat their food.

You better sit down and eat with us, Sol said.

Sol said, Boone said. I'm not hungry just yet, Myers said.

Sol didn't say anything. He nodded. Boone waited a minute and then reached for a plate.

You got it all, I'll bet, Sol said.

Myers said, I'll clean up first and then come on.

Sol moved his knife back and Myers' over his plate as if to say, Please sit.

I'll be leaving in a day or two, Myers said.

Sometimes I figured you would be, Sol said. I don't know why I felt that, but I didn't think someone when you moved it you'd be here all that long.

No, I'm not on the road, Boone said.

Myers, Boone, Sol said. It's okay, Myers said.

No, it isn't, Sol said.

It's all right, Myers said. He opened the door to the bathroom, stepped inside, then shut the door. As he was about to turn the sink he heard Boone's feet rubbing on stairs, but he couldn't hear what they were saying.

He showered, washed his hair, and put on clean clothes. He looked at the things of his in the room that had come out of his suitcase part a few days ago, a week ago, and figured it would take him about two minutes to pack up and go home. He could hear the TV start up on the other side of the house. He went to the window and raised it and looked again at the mountains, with the moon lying over them—no clouds now, just the moon, and the snow-capped mountains. He looked at the pile of wood out back and at the wood stacked against the doorway recesses of the garage. He listened to the street for a while. Then he went over to the table and sat down and opened the notebook and began to write.

The country I'm in is very empty. It reminds me of something I've read about but never finished in before now. Outside my window I can hear a river of fast-moving water, and in the valley behind the house there is a forest and pineapples and mountain peaks covered with snow. Today I saw a steel eagle, and a deer, and I cut and chopped two cords of wood.

Then he put the pen down and held his head in his hands for a moment. Pretty soon he got up and undressed and turned off the lights. After he'd gotten into bed he realized he'd left the window open. But he didn't get up. It was okay like that.

H  
E

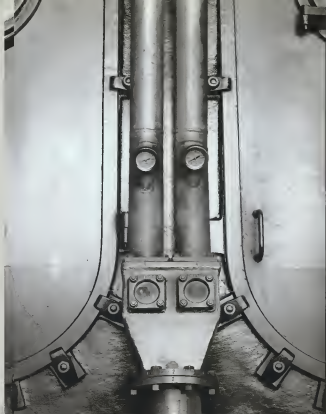
DECIDED  
THAT HE  
WOULD GET  
THE WOOD  
AND SPLIT IT  
AND STACK  
IT. HE  
WENT TO THE  
MOUNTAIN  
TOPS AND  
CUT THE  
WOOD. HE  
CARRIED THE  
WOOD TO THE  
GARAGE AND  
STACKED IT.

# plains of abraham

SOMETIMES IT'S THE SMALLEST THING  
TAKE THAT ENDS UP COOKING THE MOST

Had he known everything then that he'd know later, Vonnegut would have called it a coincidence, nothing more. This was a compact, leprechaun world with only a few compartments connected. He had been married three times and was married now, and that morning he couldn't shake Irene, his second wife, from his mind. He shaved and dressed for work, rightened the covers and slid the bed back under the rails, all the while swearing at thoughts of Irene, the force of his sweeper hanging down and walls, making him feel clumsy and off-balance. Thinking about problems only aggravates problems, but the way these random scraps of memory, emotion, and reflection flew at him—even now, four years after the divorce from Irene, with the help of a whole third marriage

PHOTOGRAPH BY JEFF KUNAS



and divorce in between—was strange. Vann and Irene had not seen each other or spoken to person over the past years.

It was a coincidence, then, that she would have been one even if Vann had known that on this particular morning, a Wednesday in November, Irene, who was forty-eight years old and close to a hundred pounds overweight and suffering from arthritic osteoarthritis, who normally would herself be getting ready for work, was instead being prepared to leave her Lake General Hospital first steps here in surgery. The procedure, to be performed by the highly respected vascular surgeon Dr. Carl Rosenow, was to be a multiple bypass. It was a dangerous although not an uncommon operation, even up here in the north country, and had Irene not collapsed in pain two days earlier while grocery shopping at the Grand Union in Lake Placid with her daughter, Frances, the procedure would have been put off until she had her a considerable part of her excess weight. Time late for that now.

"Jesus," Dr. Rosenow had said to the night nurse after waiting Irene in her room for the first time, "what's his life doing a good damned while?" The nurse weaved and looked away, and the young surgeon started wheezing down that corridor.

Vann started a cup of coffee colder and wondered if he ever crowded them together the way she was crowding this. Probably not. Irene was tougher than he, a big, beefy fellow who had seemed nothing but relaxed when he let his hair, although he himself had been almost ragged by his departure, as if he had walked him out of a "Good ol' ole," the blood trying to Frances. "Never marry a cornucopia man, old boy. They're bound down with hard hats."

Vann wasn't quite that bad. He was one of those men who protect themselves by dividing themselves. He regarded her not with as opposition—he loved to work but had to work at it. Yet, work him, what Vann thought of as low had come state, at least at first. When they married, Irene and Vann were in their mid-thirties, lonely, and still alive from the aftermath of big-league first divorces, and for a few years they managed to meet each other's needs almost without trying. Vann was a small man, rich with muscle like a basketball, and back then he had liked Irish men, but Irish attitudes. He had regarded her as a large woman, not fat. And the bad blood had begun, intense pressure, his wife crying out like a rat.

To please her, and to be with her, he had come to all the mud and ice a while before he took in the trunk of his car and worked hard. He started his own one-man plumbing and heating business, heavily into small capital and overextended, opening out of a shop that he built into the basement of Irene's house at Lake Placid. Frances, who was barely a teenager then, had learned Vann's mother, her presence in her mother's life and home and served even to boarding school, except for holidays, which was fine by Vann, especially since Irene's few husband was paying the taxes.

Vann quit her job at the end of their first and kept Vann's house. But after five years, when Vann had been working for a while, he had cut the bank out, and the business collapsed, and Vann was back on the road again. Soon he saw his wife differently. He guessed Irene saw her needs differently then, too. He knew he had disappointed her. He allowed himself a couple of short-term affairs, and she found out about one. He could be about one either. He drank a lot, maybe too much, and there were some differences he barely considered. Those he kept to himself. A year later, they were divorced.

Vann had known from the moment he had three first steps of marriage that he had lost it. He seconded that as domestic time, he would have to move his whole world of life with women. This was not to be his second and probably last chance to get love and marriage right. Vann knew that much. You can't make a first step out

nothing in life three times. By then, if a man just divorced and still goes on enjoying, he's chasing something other than romance and domestic life. It's a first something mostly private. Vann had gone on as before. And now, in spite of the third divorce, or perhaps because of it, whenever he told himself the story of his life, the significance of his second marriage remained a mystery to him and a persistent irritant. Vann remembered his two years with Irene the way he now remembers her years. The chapter in the story of his life as far as that was both interesting and revealing and honest, very long to repeat.

He picked up his coffee cup and went outside and stood on the safety, steel porch of the cottage, where he deliberately studied the sunset of pink in the eastern sky and the rippling ribbons of light on the small, man-made lake in front of him. Lake Roosevelt. Vann came for a drink. He decided that it was going to be a fine day. Which pleased him. He'd scheduled the deckwork for next day and did not want to run in a rainy, boat-calling summer rain. Vann was a first president for Sam Gay, the mechanical contractor son of Lake Placid, on the addition to his home, Lake General Hospital. Vann's son, Friday's last year especially—he had no reason to think it wouldn't—had been the last he had seen on in the new wing. After that, they'd be working comfortably aside.

It was still dark—dark and cold, a few degrees below freezing—when he got into his truck and drove from the Harbor Hill Cottage on Lake Placid to the hospital, and despite his steady attempts to block her out, here came her again. He remembered how they used to sit around the supper table and laugh together. She had been, large face and no pretensions or dancing in a summer frock and stupid people. Her tongue was as rough as a wood saw, and she had a particular dislike of Sam Gay, whose day after her Vann's business failed, had kept him and sent him back on the road. "That man needs you because without you he can't put out a piece of a boat," she'd declare, and she'd yell one of her own beams off and hold it over her head and peer up about quaternary.

Vann had never known a woman that hairy. Toward the end, however, she had started turning her hammer on him, and from then on, there was no more laughing. Irene's comical face and charming words. His only resource had been to stare the door behind her while she roared, "Go away, go! Good ol' ole to her husband!"

He had walked along the tree-lined street, crossing the ridge over the narrow island, and he had seen the woods, the terraces, and entered a neighborhood of small wood-frame houses and duplexes. The pink light from his headlights bounced off fence that glared like a skin in yellowed leaves, glassed-in porches, and steeply pitched roofs. Strings of smoke filled from chimneys, and kitchen lights glowed from windows. Irene, finally life. Which, despite all, Vann still thought of as a normal life. And a proper breakfast. Vann could almost smell eggs and bacon dry. Moose, dairy, and kids cranking up their day to begin. He could hear their chorused, happy voices.

Irene had loved that summer. But not for nearly three years now, and he missed it. When would it be the best again, up in Flaxburgh, with his own moose and dairy, he'd been one of the kids at the table, then later, for a few years, with his first wife, Evelyn, and the boys, he had been the dad. Her family life had slipped from his grasp without her having noticed, until, during his eyes in a dream from a spring, he'd seen a beautiful of clear water and was unable afterward to imagine a way to regain it. The spring must have dried up. A man can't blame his hands, can he?

Instead, he'd learned to focus his thoughts on how, when he was in his twenties and married to Evelyn and the boys were young, he simply had not been there. That was the story. Evelyn had remarried happily and surely right after the divorce, and the boys, Ned and Charles, moved once by their stepfather

than by Vann, had named one young man themselves—gone from him forever, or so it seemed. A person of now and then was all, and the occasional embarrassed holiday phone call. Nothing, of course, from Evelyn's old child, but, as he looked to her—his daughter, especially after the years passed, was only as it should be.

The way Vann viewed it, his men and in life he had been not to have approached her and had back when he had had it. If he had, he probably would have been and it'd been. It was a life of confusion, then. To reason that way seemed more practical to him and more dignified than to wallow in regret. It helped him look forward to the future. It had helped him marry Irene. And it had turned his divorce from light, his good wife. The Norwegian, was how he thought of her now.

At the money scene where Broadway turned onto Route 96, he picked up a Daily Enterprise and called to go and a fresh pack of Marlboro's. His wife driving one of Sam Gay's money packages, a sports car that someone had been, brand-new. It had been assigned to him directly from the dealer, and though he had no personal, at least to himself, that the vehicle belonged to him and not his wife, Vann would not have said aloud that it was his. That wasn't his style. He was fairly sure, too, to say he owned what he didn't. And he was alone.

Besides, he didn't need to. He was making payments to the Bank of America in Flaxburgh on a low mortgage, two-year old black River that he'd bought last spring to celebrate his divorce from the Norwegian. She'd gotten into something else, he'd said. He'd built his home in Keweenaw. Vann also had to do with the mortgage, which gave him some satisfaction. His monthly payments for the car had worked out to six dollars less than his monthly mortgage charges, a coincidence Vann found oddly pleasant and slightly humorous, although, when he told people about it, no one else thought it funny or even interesting, which pleased him.

The River was loaded. A private car it shared Vann to be sure driving it, and he hoped that over the summer the Norwegians, who was a legal side at the Adirondack Park Agency in Key Bank, had accidentally spent him in it once or twice. He didn't particularly want to see her, but he had been told he had seen her and had said that Mrs. Moore, who, in reality, was doing just fine, thanks

OUR NEW BUILT-UP HOME WAS ONE OF THE FIRST BUILT BY LATE COLONY

and pulled into the hospital parking lot, drove by the rear of the three-story brick building, and passed along the edge of the road field to the company trailer, where he parked next to a stack of seed corn. From the outside, the new wing, a large cube designed to merge discreetly with the existing hospital building, appeared finished—walls, roof, and windows completed fully in place. Despite appearances, however, the structure was far from there. The main building started the construction in the middle, but the plumb line didn't set any of the floors at the top of the aboveground walls, vacuum, and air lines, and the construction was still hanging over the water. The printers hadn't even finished their transfer to the car.

The structure for the air conditioning and heat was finished, though. Three days ahead of schedule. Vann was a good payer. He'd come in the middle of the previous year to fix the furnace to get it. He'd run his own business and could read drawings and engineering specs, and the drawings for new work in Sam Gay's shop in Lake Placid when the winter turned bad and everyone else got laid off. And he was a good boss, respected and liked by his men. Sam Gay regarded Vann as his right hand and had no compunction about saying so, and he paid him appropriately. To people who wondered about Vann's way of life, and those were a few, Sam and that if Vann hadn't been copped over the years with

shrewd payment and had's few close houses, one to each wife, he'd be living well on what he earned at his firm. He wouldn't be running furnished rooms and shabby, ancient vacation cottages, following the week from town to town in the north country. To Vann, however, the opposite was true. If he hadn't followed the work, he'd not have been doing these things.

Inside the hospital, in the physician's scrub rooms, Dr. Rosenow and his assistant this morning, Dr. Clark Kallala, the resident cardiologist who was Irene's regular physician, and Dr. Alan Weinberger, the anesthesiologist, were discussing the emergency physician's anesthesiologist while they slowly, methodically washed their hands and arms.

Three patients, Irene Moore, forty-eight, red-haired, her belly showed from chest to neck, was being wheeled on a gurney down the long, windowless corridor from the room where Irene had been in her room, a first step. Her twenty-year-old daughter, Frances, sat alone by the window at Irene's side, fidgeting through a cup of Coors beer. Frances was a tall, big-legged girl, a second-year student at St. Lawrence University planning to major in psychology. Her straight, short-cropped hair fell loosely to her shoulders, and her square face was light with anxiety.

With her mother unconscious, or nearly so, Frances felt suddenly, helplessly alone. I'm over my head on this, she said to herself, my eyes and quickly turned the pages, one after the other. What the hell am I supposed to be thinking about? What? It was nearly daylight, and the corridor, the fluorescent sky over the whiteboard. Moore was pale gray in the sunlight, over black Mary and Agnes. Frances, a host of clouds under his head, looking up, pressing a chair. The other women were standing over the job site—disinfectant, nantane, plasters, man lines—during their own cars and pickups while the fathers and nannies arrived in company vehicles. It was light enough for Vann, looking in his truck, against his coffee, to read the front page of the paper and check the NFL scores. It got too hard finally to stay.

He folded his paper and left the room before, but as he turned to the train car or bus, he saw the car. Late Colony was there, and the dark sky of the night before, and the sunny sky in his driving again. He remembered an afternoon four years ago, standing at the device. He was running the public high school job over in Elizabethville and living in the General Motel on Route 9 at the edge of town, and one Friday when he drove in from work, a large, tall package was waiting for him at the front desk.

Vann knew at once that it was from Irene—he recognized her handwriting and the return address, their old Lake Placid address. He hugged the crate back to his room and lay it flat on the bed and studied it for a while. What the hell kind of joke was the package on him this time?

Finally, he traced upon the crate and removed several layers of brown paper and plastic bubble wrap from the object inside. It was a large, framed picture. He recognized it instantly and felt a rush of fear that he had been kept from it. He had unwrapped a blank. It was a signed color photograph of Adirondack scenery by a well-known local photographer. Very expensive, he knew. A few years back, when they were still happily married, he and Irene had studied into a Lake Placid cabin shop, and Vann had placed up as a picture on the wall and had Irene had it brought up and onto it. It had been someone's dream. It was called *Peace of Adirondack* and the scene was of a late summer day, looking across a field of tall grass and wildflowers toward Adirondack Park. The golden field, dark sky, but in someone in the foreground at eye level. A wide, jagged line of trees and across the middle, and the craggy, blue-colored mountain towered in the distance, a pure and endless blue sky behind and above it.

Then was the first and the only picture that Vonn had ever wanted to own. He asked the astronomer how much, figuring he could maybe spring for a hundred bucks.

"Twenty-two hundred dollars," she said.

"He let her see and face him," "Furry pricy," he said and moved quickly on to the macaroni-and-beans and cosmic brews. For meals he offered, Vonn had traced her breasts, measured her legs, that nose and pouted lips. "Furry pricy," she chirped, checking out a waitress named, of all people, about local real estate. "Furry pricy?" But she had seen the strange, distant, pained look over his husband's face as he gazed at the picture on the wall all the crafts shop. And now here it was before him, as if tracing at him from his bed, while he stood over a confused, frightened, suddenly erupting me. His own reward to live with that picture that he mistakingly saw with the woman who had seen it all time. It made him feel wanted, trapped, guilty. Just as the did. If he kept it, what was he supposed to do, write her a thank-you note? What he should do, he thought, is return the picture to the crafts shop and pocket the money himself. Serve her right.

He took down the large print of an astronaut that hung above his bed in the motel room and replaced it with Photos of Abraham and stepped back to examine it. It was like a window that opened onto a world larger and more inviting than any he had ever seen. No, the picture was too personal between him and Irene and too mysterious to return for cash, he decided. He would wrap it up and cocoon the thing and mail it back to her tomorrow. She'd be damned sorry, her lips hurt as when she sent it to him.

He washed and changed one of his work clothes and went for supplies and a few drinks at the Asaule Inn in Kona Valley, where he'd arranged to meet Irene, the Norwegian, whom at that time he'd not quite decided to marry, although he was sleeping with her those and last night a week. He didn't notice in the motel next hallway through the new day, her hands, and by then, his fingers, fiddled with his and clasp them, he had all his fingers the picture. But when he entered the small room and saw the photograph hanging above his bed, he remembered everything. He sat down on the chest facing it, and his eyes filled with tears. He could not believe that he was actually crying. Crying over what? An unexpected picture of some woman? A damned astronaut? An ex-wife?

He took down the photograph and threw it over door pane. Carefully, he wrapped the picture, returned it to its case, and stuck the case into his bag, where it remained more or less forgotten for the entire summer. When the school year finished and Vonn crossed fifty miles south to Clear Falls, where a shopping mall was going up, he lugged the picture along and stashed it in the back of his motel-room closet down there. He still owned the thing, although it remained in its case, and the case stayed in his closet, hidden, barely acknowledged by Vonn, except when his job was over and he packed to move to the next. He'd paid it out and let it sit

in the bed and study Irene's original making label as if it could somehow tell him why he couldn't seem to get rid of the damned thing.

**KIDNAP, HER HUSBAND AND BURIED BY HERSELF, THE MARRIAGE DUEL** side walls of the apartment room looked almost safe, and covered with dirty cloth. The apartment table, shaped like a vase form, was in the middle of the room under a bulb of which lights knew left her body being moved off the cart by a female nurse and the two male attendants who had brought her here. They arranged himself in alongside her in a line and did her smoothly by onto the table. His body felt like cold burn. She could see what was happening, but it seemed to be going on elsewhere, in



a room beyond glass, and to someone else. Her nose went exposed and strapped on, and a long, dark blue curtain was drawn around her upper and lower parts, leaving only her eyes more than exposed.

"We're outta here, Duke," one of the attendants said, and Irene heard the squeaky wheels of the cart and the creak of the closing door.

Hidden behind her, Alan Wheelwright, the anesthesiologist, in a blue gown and cap and white surgical mask, stood at the head of the table preparing bags of blood for transfusion, while the nurse, her beaded green eyes capricious above her mask, swished Irene's belly with orange anesthetic, covering her wounded body from top to down, back to front, humming as she worked, as if she

were home alone getting her nose. Then, into each of Irene's chest, she felt, she knew, the nurse inserted an extension catheter.

Irene saw a man's face, which she recognized, despite the mask, as Dr. Rubenstein, and next to her another man, taller, with bushy white eyebrows, whom she did not recognize but felt she should. There were more nurses above, and the room suddenly seemed crowded and small. A man laughed, gently patting. Someone said, "I've forever blowing bubble."

She wondered where in the room Vonn was standing. Maybe he was one of the people in the masks. She looked at the eyes, she knew Vonn's eyes. Her own eyelids seemed to be sensitive, pained about, staring, wet and over, in tears. She blinked and felt a film, then another. She wondered if that eye had been shut for a long time already.

What are you here, Duke, a hard labor? What's your nose suppose to do and crutch at the corners, even when he wasn't making like her?

Break out the contractors, Duke. We have kids!

**WASHING DOWN THE END OF A MARRIAGE, THE MARRIAGE DUEL** side walls of the apartment room looked almost safe, and covered with dirty cloth. The apartment table, shaped like a vase form, was in the middle of the room under a bulb of which lights knew left her body being moved off the cart by a female nurse and the two male attendants who had brought her here. They arranged himself in alongside her in a line and did her smoothly by onto the table. His body felt like cold burn. She could see what was happening, but it seemed to be going on elsewhere, in

The rest of his care was scattered over the first and second floor of the wing, controlling plumbing fixtures in the lavatories and running the vacuum and oxygen lines. The short-term gird had been released for a new job, a supermajor in a menial role over in Topper Lab. He figured if any blowouts in blowouts in the ductwork showed up, he and Tommy could locate and fix them themselves. He wasn't worried. It was a routine task under forty low pressures, twenty-five pounds per square inch. It wasn't as if the ducts were going to carry water. Just heated air from the large, dark furnace that sat ready to be fired in a shade-walled corner of the basement and cooled or air from the heated in condenser unit that had been lifted to the rooftop by crane a week ago.

"All right, Tommy," Vonn said, and he stood away from the valve and handed the wrench to the rooftop by crane a week ago. "You want to do the handle?" Vonn let a wrench, clenched it between his lips, as he held steady, and took back his hand once he pulled back.

"You want the wrench on?"

"Let 'er rip. When you let twenty-five psi on the gate valve gaskets, close 'er up."

The lid he laid down and with one large hand slowly opened the valve and the small pin compressed as the pressure that led to the flared gate valve added to the side of the stem until duct closed slowly inward. That duct in turn fed from the cold furnace behind down to elaborate system and connections at several places in the basement, where a split into smaller ducts that passed through the manifold connections ending on to the floors above. At each floor the ducts split again and mixed between and above the set to be installed with and cooling of the new rooms and corridors. These ducts, carefully bled and bled at the openings, ran, T's, and Y's, eventually crisscrossed out of the new wing into the old hospital and ran into an upstairs, which ceased heated air from the outside but still adequate furnace in the basement of the new

wing of the hospital to the 150 private and temporary rooms and wards, the scrub rooms and surgeons' dressing rooms, the physical therapy, the operating rooms, the emergency rooms, the maternity ward and nursery, and all the large and small, public and private lavatories, the patients' closets, kitchen, dining rooms, nurses' lounge, computer center, lobby, of the large, administrative offices, and the gift shop and flower shop, which was closed this early in the day, and the newly empty wing rooms, and even into the large, glass-fronted lobby, where Frances, the daughter of Isaac Blount, was at this moment walking from the hospital, down the steps to the parking lot. Frances was on a run into town for some mail present to give her mother when she wrote, something screamed and why. Like a caddy boss, that her nose would present to him, the very she always did, but Frances knew that her nose would see the gift is a secret direct to her she could take it out and look at it or leave it the wound to realize how much her daughter loved her.

**WASHING DOWN THE END OF A MARRIAGE, THE MARRIAGE DUEL** side walls of the apartment room looked almost safe, and covered with dirty cloth. The apartment table, shaped like a vase form, was in the middle of the room under a bulb of which lights knew left her body being moved off the cart by a female nurse and the two male attendants who had brought her here. They arranged himself in alongside her in a line and did her smoothly by onto the table. His body felt like cold burn. She could see what was happening, but it seemed to be going on elsewhere, in

In a laboratory on the second floor, her of her left from the ceiling went onto the head and shoulders of a painted technician, as being her to keep from her seat and stare at the seat for a moment. When he further defined her, she sat back down and returned consciousness to the sample.

Then along one corridor after another and in the memory world and at several of the upper rooms, on all three floors of the hospital, nurses, doctors, and maintenance men, and even some patients began to see any scraps of paper, notes, sheets of pink stationery, small things, sweaters, and underbelly of her of her by the repairs and on long ways, first through the air and lead on down and pull down, sometimes cabinets, stainless-steel containers, computers, desks, spools of wire, and tools of all kinds, during handouts, nurses' caps, standard white uniforms, and even the breakfast tray. Nurses, doctors, administrators, and small people moved up and down the hallway and main plaza, going to locate the source of this stream of flying debris. Anxious grumbled shreds and laborers and covered the newborn infants in the nursery and patients in the wards, shouting orders and firing angry questions at one another, while patients pressed their buttons and begged for help and begged the floating bits of dirt and trash away from their faces, beds, chairs, cars, and bedding. These patients were more mobile, less, limp, and rolled in wheelchairs from their rooms and wards to the hallways and nurses' stations, demanding to know what was happening. Had there been an accident? What about a fire?

In the operating room, Dr. Rubenstein stared. Close her eye? For Christ's sake, close her up and get her the hell out of here!

**WASHING DOWN THE END OF A MARRIAGE, THE MARRIAGE DUEL** side walls of the apartment room looked almost safe, and covered with dirty cloth. The apartment table, shaped like a vase form, was in the middle of the room under a bulb of which lights knew left her body being moved off the cart by a female nurse and the two male attendants who had brought her here. They arranged himself in alongside her in a line and did her smoothly by onto the table. His body felt like cold burn. She could see what was happening, but it seemed to be going on elsewhere, in

"She's not holding any pressure at all now. Not a damn bit," he said to Tommy Fair. "Something's going that shouldn't be. Or else we've got too hell of a blowout somewhere," he said and reached up and shut off the air to the main duct. He switched off the compressors, moved, and the basement was suddenly silent.

"How was gonna find out what's going on?" Tommy asked.

"We got to check everything that's supposed to be closed. One of your guys may've let a cap off one of the repair openings."

"Hey, not me! I ain't no damn steel guy. I was in the boiler counting fittings all day Friday."

"I know, I know. I just need somebody to blame," Vann said, smiling. He slapped the lid on the shoulder. "C'mon, let's get the drawings from the table. We'll go inside to command each every year and we find the missing part. Then we'll go to the end of the year."

Vann had done his job the way he was supposed to, and his men had done their. He could not know what had occurred by the pond the thick fog that separated the new wing from the old, could not have known even then, when he finally that his own compass down, the debris had instantly ceased to fall. And he could not have known that seconds after Dr. Kossman, Kalderson, and Whitcomb at a picnic had closed their stomachs and rushed her from the operating room, his co-wife had gone into cardiac arrest in the recovery room. They had managed to get her heart pumping again and her blood pressure back, but an embolus had formed in her left carotid artery and had started working its way toward her skull. Shortly after noon, a blood vessel between the left temporal and parietal lobes, the middle cerebral artery, had suffered a minor stroke and irreversibly leaked into a coma.

The only organs in the torso capable of removing the clot from her brain was driving over from Flomberg. They hoped to have the operating room cleaned up and ready for him by early evening. With her heart condition, however, the nurses relied on her by the intravenous supply this morning, the likelihood of still more embolisms, the anticoagulants, and now the stroke. "I'm sorry, but a truly does not look good," Dr. Kalderson said. Frances.

She did not know where to turn for consolation or advice. She was the only one left in the world who loved her mother, and her mother was the only one who loved her. It wasn't her father, her mother's love for her, but her own life, a new wife, and now kids out in California. Her's new life, a new wife, had his new life, too, Frances supposed. He and Frances had never liked each other much, maybe.

A LITTLE AFTER MIDNIGHT THE SUPERVISOR OF MAINTENANCE IN THE HOSPITAL found Vann on the second floor of the new wing, still among the overhead doors with Jimmy Pace. The supervisor, Fred Noelle, was a man in his mid-thirties who had worked for the hospital since high school. He knew every inch of the old building, every valve, every pump, and every, and had been an especially useful consultant when they were designing the addition. Cautiously, Fred asked Vann if either that morning he might have done something in the way of connecting the heat and ventilation ducts of the new wing to the ducts of the old. Fred then together, up, and then opened them up, maybe.

"No," Vann said. "Why? You got problems over there?" "Have you got problems? Yes, we've got problems. We'll be cleaning the place up for the rest of the year." He was a balding, heavy-set man with a face like a bull terrier, and he looked very worried. He knew these were serious things. A lot of finger-pointing and drama.

"What the hell happened?" Vann asked him.

Fred said flatly, "You got crap on patients in the lab, all over town in the operating rooms."

Vann was silent. Then he spoke slowly and clearly, directing his words to the fat speaking machine for Fred Noelle's benefit. It couldn't have been as easy as he had been. The two systems, blocks, and they didn't connect until after we've gotten everything installed and blown out and balanced and the whole was in use and clean and ready for use. Then we open it to the old system. And that wasn't off of our system," he said, his voice rising. He knew he was offending the truth. He also knew that he was dead wrong.

Somewhere, somehow, one of the bottles between the two sets of bottles had not been installed by his men or the had been left off the

drawing by the mechanical engineer who had designed the system for the architect. Either way, Vann knew the fault was his. His stomach, before opening up the compression, on the old elevator door out of his chest—nearly punched through it, he should have checked the bottles, every damned one of them. No one ever did that, but he should've.

He placed the drawing on the floor and put down on his hands and knees to examine it. "See," he said to Fred. "Take a look up here. Baffle. And here. Baffle. And here," he said, pointing to each of the places where the doors crossed through the thick wall between the two wings of the hospital.

But then he saw it. No baffle. The mechanical engineer had made a terrible mistake, and Vann, back when they'd installed the duct, hadn't caught it.

Fred got down beside him, and he saw it, too. "Uh, uh," he said, and he placed his fingertip where a baffle should have been indicated and where, instead, the drawing showed a mean duct flowing through the old system and connecting directly to the heat and vent lines system of the hospital. A straight shot.

Frances squeezed down on the other side of Vann and frowned his brow and studied the drawing. He didn't see anything wrong. "Bad, huh, Vann?"

VANN COULDN'T REMEMBER ANY OF THE CONVERSATIONS FOR FRANCES let and through the main entrance of the hospital. They went straight to the huge carpeted office of Dr. Christine Serpico, the hospital director. Fred made the introductions, and Dr. Serpico got up and shook Vann's hand firmly.

"We think we got this thing fixed now," Fred said. Dr. Serpico was a simple efficient fellow in his early fifties with blond, close-cropped hair. He wore a dark pattern suit and to Vann looked more like a downtown lawyer than a physician. Fred smiled the drawing on Dr. Serpico's large mahogany desk, and the two men stood by side and examined the plan together, while Fred described Vann's mistake and he was supposed to work and how it had failed.

"You're the subcontractor for the sheet-metal work?" Dr. Serpico said to Vann.

"No, Sir. I'm just the field worker for him. Sam Gay, he's the subcontractor."

"I see. But you're responsible for the installation."

"Well, yes. But I just followed the drawings, the blueprints."

"Right. And did someone you were trying the new ductwork, moving compressed air through it, right?"

"Yes, but I didn't notice—"

Dr. Serpico cut him off. "I understand." He went around his desk, sat down behind it, and picked up a pencil and tapped his teeth with it. "Fred, will you be able to attend a meeting here this morning? Seven thirty, any?"

Fred said sure, and Dr. Serpico reached for his phone. Vann picked up the drawing and started to roll it up. "Please, leave that here," Dr. Serpico said, and then he was speaking to his secretary.

"C'mon, for that meeting with Flomberg, Berns, and Weiss?" Fred Noelle, who's in charge of maintenance, he'll be joining us."

He glanced up at Vann as if surprised to see him still standing there. "You can go, if you want. Thank for your help. We'll be in touch," he said and went back to his telephone.

BEFORE IN THE LOBBY AREA, VANN PICKED UP A CIGARETTE AND STUCK IT between his lips.

"Got his smoking?" the receptionist looked at him, and he showed the cigarette back into the pack and looked for the door.

On the steps he stopped and lit it up and looked across the road at Lake Colby and the pine trees and hills beyond. There was a still, cold breeze off the lake, and it was starting to get dark. Vann

checked his watch. Three-thirty-five. Off to his left he saw a woman with her back to him, also smoking and regarding the scenery. Vann couldn't remember when he had done anything else but. Not at work, any how in his life, sure—he'd remember his life, missed it up lots of ways, most people do. But, from, never in work.

The woman turned her eyes toward the parking lot below and started to go back inside, and Vann recognized her—Frances, his ex-wife's daughter. For a second, he was afraid of her, but then he realized that he was glad to see her and blurted, "Hey, Frances! What're you doing here?" Startled, she looked up at him, and he saw that she was crying. He took a step toward her. She was taller than he remembered, a few inches taller than he, and heavier. Her face was swollen and red and wet with tears. "Is your name?"

She smiled yes, like a child, and he reached out to her. She kept her arms tight to her sides but let him hold her close. He was all the bad, he would have to be enough.

"Come on inside and sit down, honey, and tell me what's happened," Vann said, and with one arm around her, he walked her back into the lobby, where they sat down on one of the blond sofas by the window. "Jeez," he said, "I don't have a shaverbrush."

"That's okay," she got a tissue. She pulled a wrinkled tissue from her purse and wiped her cheeks.

"So tell me what happened, Frances. What's wrong with your nose?"

She hesitated a second. Then she coughed deeply and said, "I don't understand it. It's not a cold. She was in for open heart surgery this morning and something happened, something went wrong, and they had to bring her over to the medical unit."

"Oh," Vann said. "Oh, yes." He lowered his head. He put his hands over his face and closed his eyes behind them.

"There were complications. She had a stroke. The doctors don't think she'll come out of it," she said, and started to cry again.

Vann took his hands away from his face and sat down staring at the floor. The beige carpet was decorated with the outlines of seagulls and dark-green rectangles. Vann let his gaze follow the colorful, reflected lines from his feet out to the middle of the room and then back again. Out and back, out and back. There were men or eight other people seated in the sofas and chairs scattered around the lobby, reading magazines or talking quietly with one another, waiting for news of their mothers and fathers, their husbands and wives and children or the women alone.

"Do you think maybe could I go and see her?" he said in a low voice.

"I don't think so. She's in intensive care, Vann. She won't even know you're there. I saw her a little while ago, but she didn't know it was me in the room."

Slowly Vann got to his feet and moved toward the receptionist by the elevator. He wanted to see her. He could say it to himself. It didn't matter if she knew he was there or not, he had to see her. He needed to tell his mind with his actual, physical presence. No finding moment of him, no tangling feelings of guilt for things done and undone, no dimly remembered hurts and resentments. The line for all that. He needed to look at her broad forehead, see her hair and nose, and take full-blown whatever terrible thoughts and feelings came to him then.

"I need to see my wife," he said to the receptionist. "She's in intensive care."

The woman peered at him over her horn-rimmed glasses. "Who's your wife?"

"Jane Lee Moore."

He signed the book that the woman pointed at him and tapped quickly toward the elevator. "Third floor," she said. He got into the elevator, turned back, and saw Frances seated across

the lobby, looking so carefully at him. Then the door did closed.

At the nurses' station outside the intensive care unit, an elderly nurse peered him down a hallway to a closed door. "Second bed on the right. You can't see her, she's the only one there."

The room was dark, windowless, lit only by the wall lamp above the bedhead. Vann's body was very tense. It felt like he'd been told to remember his car that day. She made him feel suddenly small, shrunken, fragile. There were IV stands and oxygen tanks and tubes that snaked in and out of her body and several thick black wires attached to electrodes across machines that beamed and whirled, monitoring her blood pressure, heart, and breathing.

For a long time he stood at the foot of the bed peering through the network of tubes and wires at his ex-wife's body. She was covered to her neck by a sheet. Her arms lay limp and white outside the sheet. A tube dripped clear liquid down a vein at one wrist. On the other wrist she wore a plastic identification band.

No smiling, not a word. He stood there at his own left hand. No smiling, not a word, either. From, you're the one I loved. He said the words silently to himself, straight out. He'd only looking you now, And, from, look at what I've done to you, before I could have you.

What's that look worth now, I wonder to you or me or anybody?

He felt a strong wind blow over him, and he had to grab hold of the metal bed frame to keep from staggering backward. The wind was warm, like a huge breath, an embrace, and though it passed him, he wasn't afraid of it. He turned sideways and pressed his face along the bed. He was afraid, and he found himself looking down at his wife's face. There was a tube on her slightly open mouth and another in one of her nostrils. Her eyes were closed. Sometimes behind her face, there was a smile as if on herself like a child, smiling, huddled in the darkness, alone, waiting.

Vann dipped his hands into his jacket pockets and stood with his feet apart and looked down on the woman he had been able to love for only a moment. He stood there for a long time, long after he had ceased to love her and had only the memory of it left. Then he turned away from her.

WHEN HE CAME BACK FROM THE ELEVATOR TO THE LOBBY, HE COULDN'T UNDERSTAND how Frances had found her seated in a far corner of the room, slumped in a chair with her head on one arm and her eyes closed as if she was asleep. His sat down next to her, and her eyes fluttered open.

"Did you see her?" Frances asked.

"Yeah. I did. I saw her."

"She didn't know you were there, did she?"

"No. No, she didn't. She said, 'But that didn't matter.'"

"Where'd you go to see her, Vann? From home?"

"Well, I don't know. I thought maybe I'd wait here, Frances. Keep you company. If you don't mind, I mean."

The girl didn't remember him. They both knew that knew was going to do, probably before morning. Like a father, Vann would have been with her and kept her safe until her mother's death.

People coming into the lobby were brushing snow off their shoulders and hats. Vann looked out the window at the parking lot and the lake. It had been raining for a while, and the cars in the lot were covered with powdery white dust. Sam Gay would find him, no doubt about it, and both Vann and Sam would be lucky if no one saw them. Vann would go back to working locally out of his car, like he'd done when he first married him. He was coming in on the road two less, maybe, to make anyone happy, but here he was anyway, trying. ■









Photo: © David Laundy

# Dogs

*dogs*

THEY'VE GOT THE HUMAN CONNECTION

## PHOTO GALLERY: THE UNUSUAL DOGS

WE HAVEN'T MET LAURENCE YET. IN A HENRI MATHIS PHOTOGRAPH, SHE'S A DOG. THAT'S BECAUSE SHE'S A DOG. THAT'S BECAUSE SHE'S A DOG. THAT'S BECAUSE SHE'S A DOG. THAT'S BECAUSE SHE'S A DOG.

Over the years, she's been in the hands of a great many owners, and she's been in the hands of a great many owners. She's been in the hands of a great many owners. She's been in the hands of a great many owners.

And she's been in the hands of a great many owners. She's been in the hands of a great many owners. She's been in the hands of a great many owners. She's been in the hands of a great many owners.



**THOUGHT MY SISTER WAS LAME, I REALIZED SOONER THAT MY SON DRIVEN ME DOWN.** We were lying together, and there was no feeling it. I just didn't have enough in me to look James and the dog. I was afraid Janet suspected another woman, but I couldn't tell her the truth.

"The dog, by the way, was a little boarder, thick, stupid, and soft. His name was Elton."

It was hard enough to deal with my decrepit sex drive, but then Elton began behaving in a way that threatened to blow our cover: once and for all. She was getting jealous. Whenever Janet and I got around, Elton would begin to growl. When Janet and I cuddled on the couch, Elton would jump up between us. One night, as we lay sleeping in bed, I felt a warm tongue licking at my thigh. It was Elton, up there in front of Janet. I sat up and pretended to be shocked.

"Elton, what are you doing?" I asked. Luckily, Janet didn't wake up. I tried to tell Elton and make her see the difficulty of our situation. I tried to explain that our little affair was nothing more than a fling, but I'm afraid she didn't understand. She looked at me when I protested, and it was all I could do to keep our love-making discreet.

#### ONE EVENING I MADE MYSELF A BOY A DAY FROM JANET

"What you wanted a change in Elton?" she asked me. "Not too really," I said. "Are you sure?" "Yes," I said. "I took her to the vet today." "You did?" "Yes," and Janet. "Elton is pregnant?" "My God," I said. "I can't believe it." "Neither can I," said Janet. "I thought we'd kept an eye on her." "We did." "She's due in four weeks," said Janet. "Four weeks?" "Yes," said Janet. "Who would've guessed?" "Not me."

**I DID SOME RESEARCH AND LEARNED THAT THE IDEAL PREGNANT PERIOD FOR DOGS IS ABOUT ONE WEEK LONG.** I thought back over my affair with Elton and realized that our first encounter had been just about five weeks earlier. Had I gotten her pregnant the very first time?

I tried calling a few veterinarians. I asked them, anonymously of course, about the possibility of conception between a man and a dog, but they all took it as some kind of prank. I couldn't get a straight answer.

I asked him to look Elton into the bedroom as I could associate with her in person. "Tell me the truth," I asked him. "Has there been any sex?"

Janet walked in and said, "Why are you talking to the dog?" "I was just trying to find out who the father is," I said. "Well," said Janet, "let me know if she tells you."

#### FOUR WEEKS LATER JANET AND I WERE SITTING IN THE LIVING ROOM WHEN

Elton dashed outside and began to dig about under the porch. "She's making a nest under there," said Janet. "She's getting ready to give birth."

I thought about confessing to Janet right then, just to preempt the shock she would inevitably feel upon seeing my friend in a mothered to a litter of puppies, but I didn't have the courage. Also, I still hoped that maybe it was actually some stray cat who had impregnated Elton.

That night, as we stood on the porch, we heard the first muffled

cries of Elton's offspring. I listened carefully for any sounds vaguely human, but I couldn't tell.

"I think you should go under there," said Janet, "bring them inside."

"Okay," I said. I grabbed a flashlight and crawled under the porch. Janet stood above, calling out directions through the cracks. "They're over here," she said.

I shone my way across the dirt and cleared my light upon the pups. There sat Elton with a litter of squirming little bodies. I kept closer. They all appeared quite healthy, wet and furry, about the size of chipmunks. What a relief. There were no human features on the little pups at all.

"They're beautiful," I told Janet.

"Bring them out," she said. Then Elton stood up, and I saw that there was one more body behind her. It was pale-skinned, the size of a small puppy. I shined the light upon it and saw that it was not a dog but a tiny baby boy.

"Oh, God," I said. "What is it?" said Janet from above. I was silent. The little boy, my son, looked his legs and feet out a long-patched cry. I dove forward and put my hand over his mouth.

"It's okay," I told him. "Bring them out," said Janet. "I will," I said.

I scooped up the puppies one by one and delivered them to Janet, who stood waiting with a towel. I brought them all in but— I left the boy. While she was inside with the pups, I crawled back under the porch, took off my shirt, and wrapped him around it. I placed the boy back in the nest. Elton had dug out for the puppies, and I left him under the porch.

We made a new nest for Elton inside one of the closets and put the puppies there.

**THROUGHOUT THE NIGHT I SAW JANET UNDER THE PORCH, THERE, IN THE DARK, SHE WAS ELTON HAD DIG FOR HER, MY SON.** He looked and let out a cry. I scooped him in my hands and struggled him inside where Elton was nursing her pups. She seemed relieved to see him.

I placed the boy back inside upon one of his nipples and watched as he sucked away at the dog's milk. I examined him more closely in the dim light. He seemed perfectly human, except that he was so small. Perhaps he is now older but dog features would emerge.

I let the little boy outside until he'd had his fill, and then I wrapped him up again. I had the made of a shirt but with one of my old T-shirts and put the child inside. Then I took him to a safe in the car. We drove far out into the countryside, and as dawn was breaking we came upon a bridge that passed over a river. At first, I thought I would use the child over the water, but then I decided to do something else.

The sun was beginning to rise, and there was fog on the river's surface. I took my dog-child down to the riverbank, still carrying him in the little shirt he had found with my shirt. The river's current was strong and swift. I walked into the water until it reached past my knees. Then I let the dog-child off in his little boat. He floated away from me, spinning on the swirling current. Soon my friend's boat had disappeared into the fog. For a while I put myself there, feeling the cool water wrap around my legs and watching a new day emerge. I thought to myself, Maybe she's just proven me right. Finding child drifting along like that. Maybe she'll raise him up as one of his own and he will be the leader of his people.

#### PART TWO: THE MUSKOGEE

**JANET AND I PRESSED OURSELVES FOR THE PUPS, AND THEN MY SON CAME UP IT WAS A NATURAL DECISION.** She never did find out about my secret. Janet took Elton with her, but I kept one of the pups for myself—I called her Elton Jr.—and we moved out to the country. Our relationship was purely platonic.

One morning I let Elton Jr. outside and about a half hour later she came back with what I thought was a muskox in her mouth. It was a limp, furry creature with a long body and short little legs. I assumed it was dead and she put it down on the leather floor and the little rodent ran under the sofa.

I got a brownish red trail to come it out, but the muskox wouldn't budge. It was all kindled up in the corner where I couldn't get to a good place.

"Okay, fine," I said. I lifted up the couch and moved it away from the wall. Now he had nowhere to hide. But when I looked back under the sofa, the muskox was gone. For a second I thought he had made a run for the door, but then I realized he had directed up into the living of the couch. I could see a hole up in the fabric where he was standing.

"Oh, well," I said. I wasn't about to rip up the couch even a muskox. I figured I'd just leave my doors open and hope he had the sense to make a run to escape someone seeing.



I tried to be especially quiet that morning, so as not to frighten my new houseguest. I put Elton Jr. in the backyard. She was very anxious about the whole thing. She never got the chance to sit her own muskox, and I would tell her the story of the muskox's escape at a point of great bad luck.

The morning passed by fast, despite my efforts; the muskox stayed where he was. At lunchtime I placed a plate of raw fish near to the couch, hoping the woman would bite him out, but that didn't work, either.

Then, at about two o'clock that afternoon, I began to hear the singing. It was a soft, high-pitched voice. First I checked to see if I'd left the radio on at a low volume. Then I looked outside to see if maybe someone far away was singing, but I saw nothing. Eventually I figured out that the sounds were coming from under the couch. I moved a little closer.

There is a house in New Orleans, they call her House Song. The muskox was singing! And, to be fair, he had a few more. It was a little loud and somewhat higher pitched than what you'd expect, but he could definitely carry a note.

I knelt down and peered under the couch. "Is that your song?" I asked.

"The song stopped." "It sounded good," I said. Apparently the muskox was shy. I couldn't have said anything at all to him, because I didn't hear any more after that.

Later on, though, as it got ready for bed, the singing started up again.

"Wake up, Little Song, wake up!"

I crept closer to the couch and listened to the whole song. It was a fairly good rendition of the hymn Brothers Original. As the song ended I opened one my bedroom and found my old tape recorder. I went back to the couch, ready to get some proof of all this.

I stood there with the tape player in my hand for some time, though. Then I heard, "That's it for tonight, pal."

"Oh, come on," I said.

"That's it."

I stood there a while longer, but the muskox had pretty much what he had. That was it for the night.

In the morning, bright and early, I heard that voice again.

"Are you going to Scarborough Fair? Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme."

I jumped up and began to record the song. When the muskox was done, I clapped and cheered for more.

"That's it," said the muskox.

"I'd like some more of that new fish, if you don't mind."

"Sure," I said. "No problem."

That plate of raw fish had just





# What I've Learned Evel Knievel

Daredevil, 60, Kalispell, Montana

Interviewed by Mike Sager

You can fall many times in life, but you've never a failure as long as you try to get up. Loving someone doesn't mean that you can love her for six days and then beat the crap out of her on the seventh.

Women are the root of all evil. I fought to know I'm Evel. This country has become a nation of the government, by the government, and for the government.

Our politicians are destroying us. We need a revolt.

When you're mad at someone, it's probably best not to break his arm with a baseball bat.

Heaven is a place you can go and drink a lot of draft beer and it doesn't make you fat. You can cheat on your wife and she doesn't get mad. You get a beautiful female chauffeur with nice, hard tits—real ones. There are motorcycle jumps you never miss. You don't need a sex time.

Anybody can jump a motorcycle. The trouble begins when you try to land it.

The Internal Revenue Service is more ruthless than the Gestapo. Abolish the IRS! Stamp out organs and crime!

I don't believe in hell. I don't believe in gods or Jesus Christ or sacred cows. I don't believe in that log, fat-assed Buddha. Show me one piece of Noah's ark. Show me one piece of the cabinet that Moses was supposed to have brought down from the mountain. People need a crutch. They need to make up stories. I don't want to do that.

You can be famous for a lot of things. You can be a Nobel-prize winner. You can be the funniest guy in the world. You can be the guy with the smallest penis. Whatever it is, enjoy it. It doesn't last forever.

One day you're a hero, the next day you're gone.

People say they take responsibility for their own actions all the time, but that doesn't mean they really do.

I think that all of these so-called born-again Christians should ask their preachers why they don't hand out organ-donor cards. If you donated a kidney or a heart or an eye or whatever to your fellow man to keep him alive, you couldn't be closer to God than that.

You can't forbid children to do things that are available to them at every turn. God told Eve, "Don't give the apple to Adam," and look what happened. It's our nature to want the things we see.

If God ever gives this world an excess, he'll stick the tube in the Lincoln Tunnel and he'll flash everybody in New York City clear across the Atlantic. And that we old just be a jerk.

We must tax the churches. Freedom of religion is bullshit when it's tax-free.

You are the master of your own ship, pal. There are lots of people who fall into troubled waters and don't have the guts or the knowledg or the ability to make it to shore. They have nobody to blame but themselves.

If I've done everything in the world I've ever wanted to do except kill somebody. There are a couple of guys I know who need shooting. They represent the picture of humanity.

If you don't know about pain and trouble, you're in sad shape. They make you appreciate life.

Everything in moderation is okay, except Wild Turkey.

If a guy hasn't got any gamble in him, he isn't worth a crap. ■



IN THE ORIGINAL, CHASE, CASEY, AND HARVEY FLOPPY.

Despite its association with the American West, floppy has been endangered in America for two centuries. Floppy Leg's "I was brought to life by the other OT breeds, and suddenly we didn't fit along with the ranching and herding breeds," says Floppy Leg's Casey. "I was a dog on the edge of the map, and then, typically, ranch people, those who were on the edge, were the ones who kept the dogs." Casey says that the breed was nearly extinct in the 1950s, but it was saved by the fact that it was a dog that was not used for anything. "It was a dog that was not used for anything," says Casey. "It was a dog that was not used for anything."











They get rubbed, they get sauced, they get smoked,  
they get judged, they get eaten. And then they're ribs.

# Smokin'

BY CAL RUSSMAN  
PHOTOGRAPHY BY JEFFREY M. HARRIS



Mostly, it's about the smell. The smoke is the key. It's the smoke that makes the ribs so special. It's the smoke that makes the ribs so delicious. It's the smoke that makes the ribs so addictive. It's the smoke that makes the ribs so hard to resist. It's the smoke that makes the ribs so irresistible. It's the smoke that makes the ribs so... well, ribs.

© 2008 National Pork Producers Council







ROBERTO BENIGNI, OSCAR-WINNING PAGLIACCIO, ON THE ART OF STORYTELLING

[illegible]

GIORGIO ARMANI. DESIGNER, ON THE ELEMENTS OF STYLE

For me, I would define *insilivite* as actually, which means "insile," in the details, not-for-profit *insilivite* men have the passion of myra. *insilivite* they grow up and live in a country where everything has history and beauty. We got used to coordinating colors, styles, and beauty when we are children, just by looking around. At the same time, *insilivite* take more risks and are less conservative. I would like the knowledge of men's mindsets. Americans should know what we know from movies and old photographs. As Americans, you can just apply it with the innocence of life. And still they should never overthink it. A man should have a mark, sense of humor.

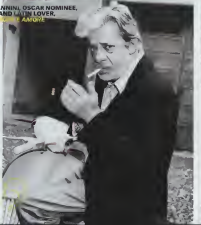


Images are the new language. And it is not national or international, it's about human themes, which are the same in every nation and for everyone. We are not divided by race, ethnicity, and nationality, we are separated by money. There are not blacks and whites, Christians and Muslims, but only rich and poor tribes. Fashion commercialism was somehow the first language of America because fashion was the first social and political expression of people. Women in mini-skirts were more important than hundreds of books and laws about women's behavior. We should be interested in fashion because naked people never created any culture.

GIANCARLO GIANNINI, OSCAR NOMINEE, LEADING MAN, AND LITEN LOVER.

BY ANGELO

Every Italian actor is naturally a seducer. He must make the audience believe every thing and take possession of their souls. He knows how to look a woman straight in the eye. Eyes are a person's weakest part—the most special and curious part of the human body. His secret is to find a woman's weak spots, to discover the subjects and things that she cares about. Women's eyes can tell you so much about their personality, expectations, and the ways in which to know them better. You see—the eyes are the mirror to the soul and men can read a woman's eyes what they are looking for. We all have a story to tell, and we do this through our eyes.



GENNARO STANSANI, CHIEF OF VENEZIA, ON MANGIA!

Italy is the land of the food gods. The products that come from this land are so good that I would not eat anything without them. I have never been sick. The goal is to make clear every single ingredient. I do that, you need to understand. Every kitchen is different. Each one of them has a different cooking time. You understand, you are cooking. You are responsible. By looking at it or looking at it. But also you can taste it. I can hear if a fish is not cooked correctly. I can hear if a vegetable is cooking wrong. In the end, a chef must have the qualities of a good soccer player. A sense of humor. The ball, eyes always on the ball. And remember: You can do anything with the camera.

# Oh, My God, We're Not Blond Anymore

PHOTOGRAPH BY CATHY BORG LOMBARD

AT FIRST, BY THE WAY HE WAS TALKING, I just figured that Mary didn't have too much going on in her head. That maybe that was the reason he would never let me be alone with Mary, would insist on speaking on behalf of Mary: "Well, in that context, I think it's fair to say Mary's position on this matter is, quite candidly, something that is completely consistent with that context." He would keep talking like that, and I couldn't get a word in, and so naturally my mind would wander in a semi-desperate attempt for . . . context, for matter, for meat, but all I could think was: Why does this guy remind me of Fred Flintstone? But

## The transformation of Mary Bono

not in a bad way. Because I've always liked Fred Flintstone. (And, really, I just wanted to talk to Mary.) But after a while, you need to move on from Fred Flintstone, you really do, and if it doesn't happen soon, you may have to hurt him.

Anyway, that's basically how it works

BY JEANNE MARIE LASKAS





The phone rings. It's Brian. "Oh, nuthin'," Mary says. "Just heading to this President Ford thing."

with Frank. Frank is who you have to get through to get to Mary. One thing you notice right away is that people in Washington adore Mary. She picks the place up. At *Ally McBeal*, she is powerful and better than, say, *Honey Isple*. "Mary! Oh, thank you for coming, Mary!" they'll say when she walks into a subconscious meeting, like she's turned the whole damn C-SPAN experience into a party. "You're doing a great job, Mary," they'll say. "And your hair, Mary, your hair looks great."

Many people like her best. "Well, News doesn't," he told her, he said. "Mary, I liked it better long and blond." The way it was where she was just a wife in. Wife of Representative Sonny Bono, Republican, from the Forty-fourth Congressional District in California. But, of course, after that slings accident, Sonny is no longer with us, and so with 64.7 percent of the vote, the became Representative Mary Bono, Republican, from the Forty-fourth Congressional District in California.

She cut her hair, stopped going in for those foot treatments, threw away those funky over-the-hill outfits she used to wear as a wife-ol, and moved into the dog-eared youngwoman's book.

Which you have to admit is quite an accomplishment for a girl who never really had any political aspirations. A girl who thought career-oriented class in high school was being, so are co-ed women were a F.A.A. as an history, an ex-senator's contribution to the nation. Suddenly their class was, starting there on the history. Judiciary Committee, starting their questioning Ken Starr about all that hard work he did, and then they moved upward working to impeach the president of the United States.

Republicans think Mary is good for the GOP, figuring she can bring in lots of new voters with her whole ac-on-som thing. A lot of the older guys, they think of Mary as a daughter, a bright prospect with a good head on her shoulders. Others think of her as a sexy, someone you can talk to. When Newt was thinking of resigning, he called Mary for advice. She reassured him about a broken tie, she said he might, also, be offering out of the good of his self. The hang up and the tie. Even going to the White House to see something Mary. Larry King thinks she's destined to become a Cabinet member. And Frank Frank son, Mary on the ticket for VP in 2004.

"Vis-à-vis President Mayo Bore. This has an odd ring to it. Which has nothing to do with May Borely, neither. And due to where everything you ever thought about May wants to break down. Consider this "Vis-à-vis President May Whorlax." That doesn't have such an extremely odd ring to it. With a name like Whorlax, there's no way you could have a name like Mayo Borely. And Mayo Borely, twenty-two, because the fourth wife of Senator Bore, who was twenty-five, but here would seem to have been asked. The Bore-boring. Strong knew it. Strong loved it. Ever since he was seven years old and fell out of that old going seventy miles per hour down a Wyoming highway and his father died. And, due to that, for a half mile. It was funny, his honest tragedy on. The Bore thing. Since, due to a cancer of the heart, he was never able to get a good pay. And he was married both because when they could still get a good pay. And he

play songs together, because a lot of them together, and then she up and left. Which wasn't his story at all. But he had to keep laughing, keep pretending. Because he was Sonny Bono. He would show up on *The Love Boat*, and then Fantasy Island, and then... in Congress. Yeah, Congress. It was like him having Captain Crunch go to Congress. Or maybe Giffords. How was he to count off five-year guys with a record? He'd been in the House since 1967, the year before he was elected mayor of Palmdale Springs. But eventually Washington would endorse him. He had a way of making the past like. Like the time he was finishing prep when it was raining just 7:00 a.m. at that moment on that morning and everyone was getting so crazy, so crazy, so soggy with rain and another, and Sonny, he really didn't have much to say on that sort of note, so he uttered these words: "I can't place, can't place, can't place." He had an answer then, but he couldn't remember it. He'd been told of other answers that he could utter on those, encourage some debate.

And then he dies. An accident. An accident like you see on cartoons. A Daily Double accident. A George of the Jungle accident. Except it was real.

**And there was Mary:** Bundled up in two du-jacks and four blankets, snoring in the front closet on the side of a roomie in South Lake Tahoe at ten-thirty at night, Mary and the boys had been looking for a place to sleep since their du-jack that afternoon. "We was right there," she told the six patrol, the police, the manager of the Heavenly Ski Resort. He was sitting right in front of them, saying, "Follow me!" And there he went around the bend and... where did he go? It wasn't until dawn that rescuers started looking in the right place! And they found her. And they took her to jail. And she broke it and she said, "Yes, that's me!" And she kept saying, "I was the mother based on my face. And the

And, "Yes, that time." And she was no longer cold. Everything went. Time went. Everything went. And the said "Show me. Show me how I raised him." She was always the one to pick him up when he was down. Always the one to fix things. Just not this time. A failure, a damn failure, that's what she was. They showed her the box.

They took her down the staircase. "You going to need some help," she said. "I'm going to need some help telling my children." And she doesn't remember too much about that. Not too much except the look of terror in her kids' eyes. Is Blaise going to be okay? Because if Blaise was okay, then they would be okay. And this, for her, was the birth of respect.

So, no. To answer your question, no. Mary couldn't have cared less that Cher wanted to do the eulogy and get all the grieving-widow sound bites on national TV. Mary was in shock. Drowning. Mary loved Sonny. That was the truth of it. Mary really loved Sonny.

It makes you think there was more to Spawny than the Bono thing. It makes you think there is a lot more to Miley than the Bono thing. It makes you think: But how am I ever going to get over the Bono thing?

Frank is not helping. (Or maybe he is.)

"Okay, that's off the record," Frank says to us, and now in starting to sneeze about his blood pressure. Frank was Sonny's press secretary before he was Mary's, and before that he worked for Sonny when Sonny was mayor of Palm Springs, and before that he tried to get a water-related business going in Australia, and before that he was counted in these game shows, *Fourcorners*, *Wheeloffortune*, and *The Hollywood Squares*, and was named champion on every darn one of them.

"Anyone," I say to Mary, "do you ever find some of this course work difficult?" Earlier we attended a training of the United Services Union members on Military Procurement. And I watched Mary sitting up those, tapping her pen, listening to Lieutenant General Paul Kern calmly say, "an umbrella program to develop and deliver improved laser and ballistic fragmentation protection for the Army and Marine Corps. MEPS is scheduled for fielding in FY03. To date, approximately 309,000 PLASPROCS have been procured." And I had no wonder if Mary



Mary looks at him. "Frank," she says. "Frank, I love it when you read my sentences."

So many congresses, saying, yeah, sometimes she does have a hard time following in those committee meetings. "Especially with congresses," he says, "which are out there week-end."

any types. And guys will fix all things that you know, in another scenario will mean something completely different." And one can see the war following along fine, RFP and CIA, and suddenly the guy coming around talking DAB, and she's like, asking, that could be Director of Intelligence Agency, Defense Intelligence Agency, D, A, what else? I, A, B? And just to be sure, the lawmakers will ask her a congressional colleague, she said, "What's DAB?"

And he said, "DIA. He's talking about DIA. What's DIA?" And he said, "Oh. Well, I have no idea." And so he asked the congressional colleague next to him: And that one, he said, "God knows." And so it went to the next person, and the next. "And it went all the way to the back of the room," Mary reflects, "up to the top row, before we had an answer."

Frank laughs. "Fan-nasio," he says. "Fan-nashel" he says, doing. "In all caroline, that's out of the common you have a staff."

stealing "Moon Runes" across Jack Berry Plains. There is Dutch Shave Drive. There is Money Ball fixing out on on Ten. There are golf courses. There are hotels with swimming on front. There is Frank Sinatra Drive. There is Gene Autry Trail. There are beautiful mountains. There is the hilltop house of Barry Manilow. There are polar bears. There are white shoes. There are goodlies. There is Bob Hope Drive. There is the hilltop house of Suzanne Somers. There are more golf courses. There are ten old ladies without wrinkles wearing really really big precious gems. There is Tour Guana.

In *Fallen Spirits*, Mary is supposed to present a Certificate of Special Congressional Recognition to former president Gerald R. Ford. So this is where we are headed. Mary is in the backseat of her Mac Lincoln Navigator, listening to Travis Tritt, which is ironic, too. Mary's best friend and district director, once dropper and deeper agent. Usually they listen to Patsy Cole or Tini Turner or Ramona Ross or Macy's off-time favorite, Corbrey Jenkins. But recently Mary got hooked on Tritt's new CD—on which Macy and sons may have something to do with her new boyfriend, Brian Pratt, who plays drums for a country band, Discarded Kiss.

"Frank, I just think the norm demonizes people," she is saying. "It's like, if you don't have a spouse and 2.3 kids and two American cars in the garage and go to church every Sunday, there's something wrong with you."

"But..." he says. He hovers close.

"I mean, when you think about it, I am Marjorie Brown," Marjorie says. "No you are not!" Frank says, then looks at me in the mirror the entire time. "Okay, that is off the record!" Then back to her. "You didn't choose to be a single mom."

"No, I didn't. And I don't think it would. But I think it's what can happen when you give up a life. And I don't think it's useful for the Rembrandts."

"Uh-huh," he says. "Okay, but listen. Are you ready for President Ford?"

"Yeah," she says, then turns to me. "Would you like to discuss family values with me sometime? Like maybe over margaritas or something?"

"Well, sure," I say.

But we can feel Frank's pain; he really would prefer that Mary and I not spend any time alone together. "It would be off-the-record, compare, Frank," Mary smirks now. But he's not giving the thumbs-up. And I don't think Mary's happy. Our off-the-record bike ride has not happened and neither has our off-the-record golf lesson (on his lessons, Frank did let us go on an off-the-record trip to the mall. "Okay, you guys had fun?" he said.)

The phone rings. Mary picks it up. It's Brian. Of course it's Brian. He calls nearly every hour, unless Mary calls him first. "Oh, crutch!" she says. "Just heading over to that President Ford thing." Brian is a caller. He likes to know who else is around and inevitable will want Mary to hand the phone to



BACK WHEN SHE WAS JUST A KID, DE MATTI HAD ALL THE TOOLS. IN THE 1960S, FOR EXAMPLE, SHE COULDN'T WAIT TO GET HER HAIR DONE.

[illegible]

# "Baffling." That is one of Mary's favorite words. Because how could she have planned all this?

thous. Mary has to teach people how to get off the phone with Becca. Because, well, he's taller. Mary met him at a Republic one fundraiser a year ago, when his band was playing. It was really just a rock band. One of Mary's staff members thought the guy was too cute and begged Mary to go backstage with him. So she did. And that's when she got talking to him. He picked her up for drinks before she finally gave in and went to dinner with him. They discovered something in each other, clung to each other.

Kim and Mary have been friends since they were in their twenties. They met at Sonny's restaurant, did the L.A. thing together, the *Five and the Pigeons* thing together, Kim as a model and actress and Mary as the brilliant behind Sonny's restaurant. Sonny liked to cook a little, bring out his own food. Mary liked serving the food. So she and Sonny opened a second restaurant in Palm Springs, and that's how they came to be here. Mary didn't take Sonny completely seriously when he started talking about running for mayor. She figured maybe it was a Cher Estwood kind of thing, something he needed to get out of his system. But he took to politics.

Mary figured on doing something with her life once they had the go girl signed. She thought about law school. She thought about service, public service. She had an inclination that way. She thought about her mom, a brilliant dentist. She thought about her dad, a doctor like doctors were in the old days, a man who always went to his job. She was always drawn to her dad. When the war broke, he would drive her, gradually, the length of California, to get her to gymnastics practice, because that's what she loved, tumbling and flipping and bouncing in what seemed like impossible ways.

Everyday says that Mary and Kim look like twins. They both stopped being blond at the same time, but what no one knows is that they didn't mean to stop being blond. Mary's campaign, which Kim helped run, took up more energy than either of them could have possibly imagined, and there was no time for her to apparently say they both had at each other and said, "Oh, my God, we're not blond anymore."

A transformation was happening, and what no one knows is that it was just suddenly about images. That it was Mary doing what Mary knew how to do, smiling and flipping, and bouncing in what seemed like impossible ways. Only now she had the strength. The weakest strength. Like those people who can suddenly lift a car because they see their kids are trapped under it.

Almost immediately, she discovered she was good at public speaking. Good in the way Sonny was good—folksy, warm, down-to-earth—but good in another way, too. She could put complex things in simple words. She did that the thought the things were all that complex. This was just the same old stuff her dad had been talking about all her life. Mainstream Republican ideas about

caused by the drift into doctrinal fundamentalism. Just a healthy line of big government. A prism. She would talk about a prism that she had learned to hold up to whatever was brought before her. Education, children, social inequality. She'd say, "Ours is that a constitutional responsibility of the federal government? Is it a constitutional responsibility of a state government? Is it a social responsibility of the community? Or is it a moral responsibility of the family? She could put issues in categories that made sense to voters. She could take quotes. And when no one had any, she could draw them out. "Oh, everybody's always so shy at these things," she would say. "Ask me anything. Really. Ask me, like, about my mother-in-law or Clay's job. Anything. I don't mind."

She is usually at ease with the things that make you less afraid of her. So when Mary got up in front of President Gerald R. Ford on the occasion of his being honored with a star on the Palm Springs Walk of Stars, she does what she always does. She passionately embraces the focus. She fills the crowd, she says, "Today is Sonny's birthday." She says, "One of the first sons of arms to embrace me was President Ford. He came to our private service." She turns to President Ford. "I want to thank you from the bottom of my heart for being there."

The crowd is moved by this person called Mary, standing up there in formal beige slacks, a beige jacket, and no socks, speaking from the bottom of her heart.

And then she gets to the bottom of her heart, saying in her slightly awkward way, "Thank you, I think of you as... President Ford, I think of you as... I want to thank you from the bottom of my heart, as a Graduate of Special Congressional Recognition, and I can't believe that I'm presenting one of these to you."

But I am, and my name's never and your name's not it, and what I shall that is. I want to thank you from the bottom of my heart and congratulate you on the great honor. And, and, and you go on.

She smiles a line about the bottom of her heart. And there is never even a trace of yellowish-brown due to her words. It makes me wonder about Frank. Why she needs him. Why he has to be with us all the time. So eventually, I say, "Mary says to us, the going to the car, and I'll go home. It's a small stone with many bouquets of flowers around it. And engraved on the stone is Sonny's inscription, along with the words and THE BEAT GOES ON."

"Do you think it's okay?" Mary says when I get back in the car. "I mean, how do you say everything on a hand-drawn? It took me months to come up with that. Just, 'And the beat goes on.' It's simple, but... Do you like it?"

"Well, yes," I say. "It's really nice," I say because that is what I think I should say because that is just how you feel when you see her, inside the Stone thing. It has been a surprisingly simple place to get to. The door is an inside open, you feel the positive energy. And that is after you leave her, there is a garden. A pretty landscape, I find myself coming to Mary.

like Jane Fonda was on staff at the White House. "He was not what she's painting him out to be," the mother in law would say, all whelp and trepidation, after the drug story hit. "He was a good man. He brought her up to where she is, and she's making him so return."

Talk about that. Mary couldn't understand that one at all. Why was her mother-in-law doing that? She wasn't even sure to Sonny why he was alive. She never even paid attention to him. For Mary, the TV Guide show was not only a success but a mild awakening. Sonny was gone, but his celebrity status lived on—in the form of Mary. She was all prepared for this transformation. And Frank, he couldn't stand watching it happen. He said, "That's it. He was just going to have to transform himself into a person. He said from now on, no matter what, you know, Mary became Frank in just like Kim, just like the rest of the people surrounding Mary. A part of things. Tangled in the history and in the future and in the center of Mary."

After the President Ford ceremony, after Mary shakes hands with all the people who want to tell her how proud they are of her, how much they love her, how they pick up the kids at school. "We heard on one of the historical Park, stepping up a flight, when Mary buys a dozen roses and two happy birthday balloons."

Frank and I wait in the car. Mary steps out and hands a balloon to each of her kids, and the three of them walk slowly toward Sonny's grave.

I try to make small talk with Frank, but he is uncharacteristically silent. And then I realize he is upset. It's after she's been here. After what Sonny isn't being with us anymore. He and Sonny were working on a book together, a biography about Sonny's political life, and then when Sonny died, well, Frank could have finished it, probably could even have made a quick bundle—the money was certainly right. "But it's really awful," Frank tells me. "I have not been able to work on it. Not one word. It just doesn't feel right. Isn't that weird?"

I tell him that I don't think it's weird. "Mary says to us, the going to the car, and I'll go home. It's a small stone with many bouquets of flowers around it. And engraved on the stone is Sonny's inscription, along with the words and THE BEAT GOES ON."

"Do you think it's okay?" Mary says when I get back in the car. "I mean, how do you say everything on a hand-drawn? It took me months to come up with that. Just, 'And the beat goes on.' It's simple, but... Do you like it?"

"Well, yes," I say. "It's really nice," I say because that is what I think I should say because that is just how you feel when you see her, inside the Stone thing. It has been a surprisingly simple place to get to. The door is an inside open, you feel the positive energy. And that is after you leave her, there is a garden. A pretty landscape, I find myself coming to Mary.

ONE LONG TIME WAS THE AGREEMENT AND NOW FRANK IS GETTING MAD. Frank said the only way Mary would do Larry King was if Larry agreed not to get into the drug thing. So now Larry's people are on the phone. We are in the car, heading to the CNN studios in L.A. Mary has a new hairdo and everything. Christopher did it. The same Christopher who was doing Jeff Clinton's hair when they had to close half of LAX Airport so he could finish. And Christopher, he said he would tell Mary the same thing he told Hillary. "No one remembers when you say they remember how you look. They remember your hair." And Mary didn't quite know what to say, so she said, "Well, Mrs. Clinton's hair certainly looks nice."

"And look at my approval rating." Christopher said. But anyway, now Larry's people are on the phone saying Larry really would like to touch on the drug thing. "But this is an issue dealt with previously because it was more intense than was usually expected to be," Frank is saying to Larry's people, who think maybe they have a bad conscience. "What the hell is he saying?" And during the course of that, who else, who said that getting into the issue that it's not particularly helpful to anybody at this time, so in that context, we agreed to do the show."

He brings up "Larry's probably going to bring up the drug thing," he says to Mary, who is now playing air drums, pounding her fists into the air in the Toyota Test bed.

"Mary?" Frank says. "Okay," she says. "And he'll bring up impeachment. He'll bring up 'Will he bring up the mother-in-law thing.'"

"Right," Frank says. "But... issues," Mary says. "What about issues? Maybe I could talk about family values with you."

"Right," Frank says. "Even all honesty, I would have to say I do it."

When we get to CNN, Larry looks exactly like a frog. He looks at Mary on the lips. It's been on the show before. The Sonny thing. It seems to give her a little more energy, she seems to get charged. She and Kim and I head off to the pressroom with the greatest bag. "Excuse my awkward body," Mary says, stepping down to her off-the-record moment under cover.

The pink Arabian sat, and 6, the Mary Kim a glow and a perfect, just perfect, set against Larry's late Beat drum. And Larry wants to stop bringing up the drug thing, and why did she do it? Why did she reveal such a horrible thing about her husband? Mary says, look, the child's name is. She was just answering a reporter's question.

"You didn't have to answer," Larry says. "Well, I didn't know that," she says. "I didn't know you could say, 'I don't care to answer that question.'"

"But since you took such risk, it's continued on page 1379



WHEN MARY LAY DOWN IN PALM SPRINGS, SHE THREW SONNY TWO DOLLARS WORTH OF CASH TO CHINA.



WHEN MARY LAY DOWN IN PALM SPRINGS, SHE THREW SONNY TWO DOLLARS WORTH OF CASH TO CHINA.



a man who can afford it might to invent one is a pragmatic one. Frappier's idea, however overdone, at least deserves a little more fair play than just one more house of Labour. We need, possibly a lack of physical skills which is exactly why a large waste to measure out, which is fabricated as a state-of-the-art electronic art facility in Switzerland, his idea is not without merit. It allows for expression around the world's most common and perhaps most useful idea in the world: the idea of a house. These houses are designed, wood, stone, stone, and (10, 100) by a Swiss-style design.

Like the mesh, above, this curtain wanders with ghosting and helps the lonely challenged. It's even in the actual exterior woodland and provides a 20% extra support, so an advancing gut won't turn it down and cause your hip to lag over your hilt. Two-button single-breasted wool chalk stripe suit (\$1,000) by Saint Andrews.

© 2000 Pearson Education, Inc. All rights reserved. Printed in the United States of America. This book is published by Pearson Education, Inc., 501 Boylston Street, Boston, MA 02116. All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted, in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording, or by any information storage or retrieval system, without permission in writing from Pearson Education, Inc.



**You need a belt** only when your pants really don't fit you. Underwear: If you buy off-the-rack trousers, which are really designed to hang on the hips of all men, you won't really need a belt. When you do, however, belt—only if you want to. A made-to-measure suit—the things are replaced with those—will fit trousers, which provide a comfortable snugness on either side. Two-button, single-breasted waistcoats will fit 32-40 in. (Kahle, Lee, and Purdie, Inc.). You also have to see a tailor.



PHOTOGRAPH BY NITIN VADQUEL

# The Most Famous Carpenter of All Time, Excepting Jesus

## NORM ABRAM'S EVERYMAN TOOLBOX

The funny thing about Norm Abram is that by the time he finishes work on an old house, it's no longer an old house. This is because when Norm shows up to poke around your twenty-seven-room Victorian, he does, in fact, poke—with pocketknives and crowbars and whatever other sharp implement might be at hand. And as he pokes, he repeats a certain word almost triumphantly, the way most people say, "Aha! 'Look at this.'" Norm, not so gayly, growls, "No!" And it is then that the talents of master carpenter Norm, the most famous carpenter of all time, excepting Jesus, are brought to bear. To wit, the hairs of his whole damn thing-down-and-rebuild-it-from-the-ground-up. And when you've rebuilt as many twenty-seven-room Victorians as Norm has, when you've guided repairs on *This Old House*, casually hosted *The New Yankee Workshop*, and written seven books on the right ways to put wood together, you pick up a few things. Some of which Norm would like to pass on to you here. Because there's only so much not one man can deal with. —*Josh Agle*

“

### 3 level sockets with bits

First, you're going to need something to carry your bits around in. I don't like to use a fancy toolbox, strictly like an old five-gallon bucket with a tool thrown in it.

It's the easier with any toolbox is that things get piled on top of each other and these organizing buckets seem to make more sense. I have a carpenter's box that, all loaded up, probably weighs a hundred pounds, but it includes a lot of tools you won't need. I think if you're going to choose that kind of toolbox, the plastic types are better because they're lighter and can take a bang without denting.

### 4 cordless drill

One tool you are going to use a lot is a cordless drill. I would go with a three-eighths-inch keyless chuck, an a-twelve-volt, variable-speed reversing drill. I don't like just about everybody's needs. It's a backup battery too so that you don't have to wait to recharge the drill when you run it down. I always carry around screwdriver bits for the drill in my mail apron. Carry a bit that easily goes into the chuck and has a number-two Phillips head and a standard-size screw bit. You should also carry a small one of a quarter inch—because you always need that bits to pre-drill holes for one thing or another.

### 4 four screwdrivers

A lot of the instructions put together these multiple screwdrivers, but if you look at your supply shelf, you'll see the only one that is worth-out is the number two Phillips. If you are trying to do any kind of electrical work, you would probably use large and small screwdrivers for screwdrivers. But most screws you will be using have a number two Phillips head, and if you are occasionally going to be working on smaller projects or maybe an appliance, you would need a number one Phillips, too.

### 4 combination and speed squares

If you're going to turn and cut wood, either wooden or metal, you'll need a square. I would opt for a simple twelve-inch combination square, which can mark out 90 or 45 degrees. There are also larger, more heavy-duty ones—these we call speed squares—that come in different sizes. For the core of those two tools, it wouldn't be a bad idea to have both. Get the smaller speed square, which is about six to seven inches along each edge. A speed square's edges range from one up to 90 and sometimes that's helpful if you're building a deck or putting an angle other than 45 degrees. This is also a good guide if you want to really get a square with a straight line to get nice square cuts. Just the square up against the edge of a board with your hand kept just on the line of the saw against its side.





## 8. Appendix

Obviously, you need a hammer. Try with a silver-claw claw hammer with a smooth face; the tongs can't do anything you want, wood, fiberglass, or steel shank, but don't just grab any one. I think you should feel it, because even though hammers may be the same weight, they all feel different. I wouldn't recommend a hammer that has a waffle face, because if you're putting up a whole lot of trim or nailing together something a little thin, you certainly don't want that waffle face. That's just my view; the hammer

[illegible]

the surface of the wood, and then you can either fill the hole with Spackle, if it's going to be painted, or with putty stick, if it's going to be a natural surface. Typically, you can buy them in a pack of three, sort of a small, medium and large. It's something that you won't use a lot, but, boy it comes in handy a lot.

**5. Pliers, vice grips, and connectors**  
You want to have a couple sets of pliers: lineman pliers for doing electrical work and what is always called "water pump" pliers for doing plumbing work. A nice pair of vice grips is good, too, particularly when you've got a nut that's been stripped. Oh yes, all of this, get a few-inch adjustable wrench. These come in pretty handy. Say you've got an outdoor faucet where the packing nut has gotten a little loose and it's dripping around the stem of the handle. A little wrench is just a little conic, like an eighth or a quarter of a turn, and you're done. Look for that, too.

◆ **Hammer and putty knife**  
One of the things homeowners run into in older homes is broken sash cords on their windows. Having a thin flat bar, as well as a good stiff putty knife, is the easiest way to break loose the sash: just hold the sash in place, you have to remove these cords to get the sash out before you can

replace the cord. There are frequent occasions when you need to pry something off carefully, and a flat bar is ideal for that. And for small spacing jobs, I think the putty knife comes in handy, especially if you do a lot of painting around the house.

**Yes: Two-for-one deal**  
Most homeowners will get a new washer and dryer or take a shower at some point, and while you do, you'll need a two-for-one deal to level it all. Unless you start hanging laundry, you don't need a four-for-one or six-for-one deal. I'm also a fan of the lower level, but it's not necessary for the average homeowner. I saw some of the old trade shows not long ago—you could see them to glimpse up-and-coming life and analyze your room to do whatever. The technology is just getting amazing, but the price is still a little high. I can see someone in his trade apartment saying, "I have to get my dryer level so I can put up a chair." I don't think it's a bad idea to get off on a purple

**91 Utility knife**  
Get a good, heavy-duty utility knife, which is good for cutting shims, shaving down wood, and even shearing your pencil. If you say, 'Do I really use it that much?' the answer is, well, yes. I use it to scrape the top of my glue bottle when it gets clogged up, for cutting drywall, or for when a door needs to be cut down (because I've added carpet before you cut the bottom of the door with a circular saw, take a utility knife and score the door's wood veneer because a circular saw blade turns up through the wood. It'll chip the top surface). If you score it with a utility knife first, you'll save yourself a headache. That's one old trick.

**Q Safety glasses**  
Everyone needs a pair of safety glasses. No matter what I say some people will not and buy an inadequate hammer or an inexpensive flat bar, and they are going to be bringing on that thing someday and because the quality of the steel is cheap, some things are going to come flying off it. Absolutely absolutely put some kind of eye protection on.

**Q** Cables and cords. You want to make it so you can't find a cable other than accessories, too. You'll need a tape measure, obviously (I prefer a twenty-foot tape; the twenty-five-foot-long tapes tend to be too bulky). Another good thing to have is a roll of electrical tape and wire nuts in case you take out a switch and you want to cut off the wire for plumbing work. It's nice to have the full roll of yellow tape. You might end up replacing the wires in a switch, and it's better to have the tape than give up a little bit of a slip around the connections. Before you start, make sure you're using a little compass. Say I want to make the corners of a box or a board or if I just want to make a nice little arc or do simple circle layouts up to about seven inches in diameter if you're helpful. I also use it frequently for scoring when I'm installing cabinets or when building corners up. Repeat a width in a corner. After you try to do your own little work, or when it's your partner's job, make sure it's a straight line, a sharp line, a

# Style Agenda



Vacation in Barbados  
With *Esquire* & *Victoria*

logues and websites have created a vast online vacation package in beautiful Barbados. The Caribbean jewel is renowned as a haven of bliss and exotic luxury. From January 8th-15th, 2000, you'll sample the best the island has to offer to those seeking a true beach and water life paradise found from Saint James to the controversial diving from world-class golfing and water sports to an galleries and historical sites from mixed reggae to VIP seating at the annual Barbados Jazz Festival. For recommendations on the "Pearlman Cove Hotel" will provide both a romantic stay and shuttle service that make for an unforgettable stay. For information on reservations, contact William O. Bucknham, Travel Time Co., at 800.451.4255.



The name **LORO PIANA** is synonymous with the highest quality textiles in the world. As a leading textile innovator and the world's largest weaver of fine cashmere, Loro Piana undertakes a global odyssey to gather and introduce new cashmere from its finest sources. The Loro Piana Ready-To-Wear and Accessories collections are created with unparalleled expertise and versatility to meet the needs of the most discerning customers worldwide. The Loro Piana Collection for men, women and children can be found at the Loro Piana retail store located at 40 East 57th Street in New York City. Call 212.592.7007.



© 2007 Blackwell Publishing Ltd *Journal of Internal Medicine* 261: 103–110

[illegible]











**Kick derrière.**



It is the world's most powerful luxury SUV.\* It pampers seven passengers in three rows of leather-trimmed seats. While its 300-hp engine tows up to 8,650 pounds. Over a mountain. With an attitude. Call 800-688-8898, visit [www.lincolnvehicles.com](http://www.lincolnvehicles.com) or see an authorized Lincoln Navigator dealer.

models built after 12/18/98

 **Lincoln Navigator. What a luxury [  ] should be.**